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Our Modern Educational Error.

Where there is no knowledge of the soul, there is no good.—Prov. 19 : 2.

THE SCHOOL,

THERE is a modern theory of education which has passed into one of those convenient aphorisms that hold the entire philosophy of the theory in a nutshell. This aphorism is, that the way to the mother is through the child. Our whole educational system is founded on the idea that once we can get at the child we have secured the basis on which we can work out the salvation of society. In other words, modern educationalism has a theory, and the factor through which that theory must be worked out is the child.

One of the commonest reproaches against modern educationalism is that it is experimenting with the child. The human instinct in this case, as in most cases, has not erred. It has touched the vital error in our theory of modern education ; it has detected under the latter's inordinate zeal to lay hold upon the child only the cold, calculating, non-human interest of the scientific mind, bent upon making a demonstration of its theories even if flesh and nerves agonize under its scalpel, or human feelings shrink from its relentless investigations.

The pursuit of the child as the necessary factor in making a demonstration of this modern educational theory has covered rapidly the immense distances that lie even between the theories of the last generation and the present one in respect to child training ; it has overcome almost every material obstacle in the way of equipment and facility for making its demonstration ; and, what was a far more obstinate difficulty, it has successfully passed

the mountain of prejudice which the traditions of former generations had placed in its way. It has had its experiments actively in operation in the higher grades of education for a generation or more; it passed downward from youth to adolescence, to childhood, applying its tests all the way; and finally it came into its very kingdom when it reached the period of infancy. The revelations made here, almost at its first glance into the field, intoxicated it with the wealth of material for research and experiment which lay before it.

The plan of this scheme of education started with the idea that the way to the mother was through the child; and in this idea the reference is not to the mother *of* the child, but the mother *in* the child—the child as a potential parent. With the cold-blooded indifference of the scientific spirit, the mother of the child represented in this experiment only one of the used up forces of nature's evolution toward ever higher possibilities. The mother *of* the child need no longer be reckoned with except as waste material that had served its purpose. If any message be sent from teacher to mother, if some communication between the two still be desired, the child is used as the medium to the mother; out of the mouths of their babes the mothers learn the wisdom which the teacher hopes may bring to them the lessons of modern enlightenment. But at best not much is hoped for in this direction. That potential parent in the child is worth more in promise of what may come than all the parents of all the children put together.

In this attitude of the modern educationalist toward the child is discovered his essential unfitness as a teacher of that child; and it is a peculiar fact, the significance of which will be more apparent the further we examine into this question, that the most active apostles of these false theories of education are, for the most part, the childless men and women who make up the bulk of the world's great army of schoolteachers. The mother is the only legitimate teacher of the young child. At its very best the kindergarten is now admitted by the more intelligent among our educators to be but "an artificial makeshift," a poor imitation, in its plan of "mother-play" and its indirect training of the young mind, of the ideal relation that exists by nature between the child and its mother. Its only excuse for being is that this relation in

modern life has suffered more than any other from the disorganizing of right domestic conditions, brought about by the peculiar industrial and social revolutions of the time. The schoolteacher is, after all, only the usurper of a place in the child's life which, from the dawn of humanity, has been consecrated to the mother by all the laws of God and nature; and we are only perpetuating and extending the mistake at the bottom of this wrong arrangement of life's relations when we merely increase the facilities for applying the remedy while we do nothing to prevent the causes that make such a remedy necessary.

Immediately the practical person of to-day will ask, How can this be done? Would you close our kindergartens; disturb our curricula, curtail the efficiency of our splendid educational system by bringing in this incongruous element of mother-teaching? And, with such mothers as the Emigration Bureau passes along to us in motley throngs, to add to our already heavy problem of educating the rising generation, would you attempt to improve upon those excellent methods of training the young with which our normal schools and colleges equip the modern schoolteacher? Yes, even with such mothers as these we could work out the problem of educating the child better, and quicker, than we shall ever be able to do with generations of child training in which we have made no place for the mother.

The teacher we need to train for the child is not the raw school girl, full of bloodless theories of the laboratory and classroom and barren of knowledge regarding the most rudimentary facts of life's experience; we need to train the mothers for this most solemn and momentous duty of awakening the soul in the life of the young child; rather we do not need to train them—nature has already put them through a course of training for this duty that has taught them more wisdom than could ever be formulated into theories—all we need to do is to create conditions in which it will be possible for the mother to follow her preëminent vocation as the child teacher of the race; to bring to her—not to the childless teacher—to whom the terms mother and child are at best but a strange language—every facility for the best performance of her task; to put her within easy reach of every method used in modern educational equipment for developing the

infantile intelligence with the least waste of time and the smallest expenditure of effort. Let us do this much and the mother will do the rest; and do it in a way that will realize the most optimistic dreams of the most zealous educationalist.

If we cannot persuade the mother to resume—not assume—this task of teacher, which modern educationalism has deprived her of, if we have carried this estrangement of mother and child so far that the teaching faculty in the mother—which is preëminently a maternal intuition—has become dulled from disuse, let us resort to any means that will arouse in her the lost sense of her own wonderful potentiality as the supreme teacher of the world; even if we must begin upon the lower levels of her nature and work out our design by building upwards from these to higher reaches of motive and ambition. If the mother's cares, or her poverty, or even her moral deficiencies prove obstacles to this plan, let us set to work with a will upon these very obstacles, which are not insurmountable, as our one-sided school theorists would have us believe in their egotistic ambition to prove that they only have the solution of proper child training in their hands, and whose zeal for recognition of the efficiency of their system seems to show a certain anxiety at times lest the reëstablishment of this right order of things—a well-organized system of child training in the home—would put a serious check upon the abnormal growth of the school's importance in our modern life; an importance which is a subtle menace to that reverence and love for the older institutions of the home and church which should be developed in the child's nature as fundamental principles of its moral life. If there is any aspect of the question that looks discouraging, it is that which shows us the important place the actual, material school building has taken in our midst. There is a concrete demonstration daily made to the mind of the child of to-day that, though the homes may be neglected and fall to pieces about their ears with poverty, wretchedness, and corruption; and though the churches may struggle on hopelessly for years to gather enough brick and mortar together with which to build a barely decent temple to the Most High, the schools appear as if reared by magic in a night, so swiftly strides the schoolmaster abroad in these days; and before the child's mind and senses all day long

there now appears the forceful contrast of the long school hours spent in the relative luxury of these school palaces, where pure air and sweet sunshine and room to live and move and have their being are given to thousands of young lives which find these things no longer in the homes, where the great tenement population of our large cities are herded, with the sanction of the same legislators who have appropriated millions for expenditure upon the exaggerated improvements of our school system. No wonder that the schoolteacher has supplanted the mother in the child's life, and that mother-teaching seems to the school theorist only a far-off, forgotten dream no longer possible of realization.

There is no obstacle, however, that would be called insurmountable by any really enlightened mind, to such a plan of education as this; and the farthest-seeing minds to-day who are working out the solution of our educational difficulties have already discovered that the source of our greatest failures in education is the elimination of the home and mother influence from the life of the child. There are, moreover, constantly growing intimations that the plan of future education will reverse the present order of things and give the home again its primary place in the training of the child, with the school as a mere secondary and always a subordinate institution. The more advanced advocates of this change are pointing out the physical and social, over and above the merely educational, need of training young women in school to a right understanding of the noble mission of motherhood by a well and wisely arranged course of study. A writer on this subject recently pointed out the more significant causes for the necessity of such a training and the value of it to the education of the young woman of to-day. "There is an army of girls belonging to the cultivated classes," she says, "who have become accustomed to working at school, and their lives are unhappily aimless at home. There are practically no household affairs to occupy the girl of to-day, the day of apartment houses and ready-made garments. Eventually she marries, not to increase her opportunities for usefulness, but because she has nothing else to do, and she does not reach her highest excellence in this way." This writer believes that girls of this class should have something definite to do in the period of time that usually passes between

graduation and marriage, and recommends that a period of post-graduate study in kindergarten theories, nursing, and child-study, should occupy this time in the young woman's life. These young women would in time form "an educational militia" which would remedy the nothing-to-do-ness of the rich and aid the poor to a healthier moral and physical standard of living by becoming volunteer assistants among the poor, careworn, and overburdened mothers of the lower classes in directing the latter into the right ways of proper and efficient child-training.

In his recent monumental work on the *Psychology of Adolescence*, Professor G. Stanley Hall, that high-priest of the new pedagogy, goes farther perhaps than any theorist of this question has yet ventured in advocating special schools for training for motherhood according to the best and highest conception of that state. This is only one step short of the next advance, which will inevitably come, of training those who are already mothers to fulfil their mission completely by being teachers of their children also.

It is true things have gone so far in the substitution of the school for the home that the very crudest beginning of such a plan of education seems at present a long way off. We have systematically trained the mothers of this generation away from their duty as child-trainers by doing all this duty for them, and they are now either unwilling or unable to assume the smallest portion of this task. But if we can get the mother back by no other means, let us *hire* her as a teacher of the child; and from this lower plane of motive we may hope to reestablish her lost relations to the child by re-forming in her habits of contact and communication and sympathy with child-nature which are now either neglected or altogether forgotten. This may seem an impracticable theory from one point of view, and, at first glance, a policy full of disaster to the professional schoolteacher's interests. But it would be really far simpler to realize such a theory than many of the wild schemes for educational advancement that we hear constantly advocated by certain types of school theorists. If the child's improvement and success became a matter of practical, personal importance to the parent through the latter's coöperation, in part, in the education of the child as a duly recog-

nized teacher, rewarded according to the results obtained in the child—which results could be easily ascertained by the simplest series of tests in the school-room—the re-development of the teaching faculty in mothers would be so rapid that indeed it might become a real menace to the interests of the professional schoolteacher; and it might become necessary to cut down to a minimum the salaries of the latter in order to increase resources for mother-teaching. But if this *should be* the result of such a method, if we should so revolutionize our present theories as to see the advantage of relegating to the schoolteacher only that portion of work in educating the child which would be contained in the series of practical tests by which the extent of the child's home education could be ascertained, leaving to the parent the larger portion of the informal, simple knowledge which the children of former generations learned from their parents, as a matter of course, before kindergartens and child-study were ever thought of, and which the greater number of the mothers of this generation should be able to give far better, if the "higher education" of their time has been of any good to them; if, in a word, this is the problem we are confronted with at last—the training and hiring of mothers as teachers of their children—let us sacrifice the schoolteacher to the mother; and at the price of any economy or any sacrifice do not let us stint resources for the mother, nor limit her ability to fulfil her highest mission in the child's life. For the mothers of the poor, helpless to exercise the most rudimentary functions of this duty of child-teacher, even were they morally and mentally capable of it, on account of their daily struggle for even the necessities of physical existence; burdened with not only the care of the child, but with the tasks of a slave in their daily grind of work at home, or even at the shop and factory as the family's wage-earner as well as its mother, for such as these let us build laundries to lighten their wash-tub drudgery; let us provide cook-shops which shall make up for her unhappy failure to provide clean and wholesome and strengthening food for her family; let us, if need be, hire servants for her while she, the child-bearer, serves as a slave. Let us wait upon her hand and foot, and smooth the way before her as she staggers along with her burden of the child; let us stop short of no service we can offer in

helping her carry that burden, except the sacrilege of taking it from her.

The First Schoolroom of the Race.

A little child shall lead them.—Isa. 11 : 6.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE mistake of modern educationalism in laying hands upon the child, even reaching out to take it as it lies against its mother's breast, is a stride backward in humanity's development that carries us in retrogression to the very dawn of civilization, before the first, faint awakenings of the instincts of motherhood had passed through the stages of mere femaleness to maternity, and then to that perfected motherhood of a later day and generation which became the supreme ethical factor in the progress and enlightenment of the race.

"When one follows Maternity out of the depths of lower nature, and beholds it ripening in quality as it reaches the human sphere, its character, and the character of the processes by which it is evolved, appear in their full divinity. For of what is maternity the mother? Of children? No; for these are the mere vehicles of its spiritual manifestation. Of affection between male and female? No; for that, contrary to accepted beliefs, has little to do in the first instance with sex-relations. Of what then? Of Love itself, of Love as Love, of Love as Life, of Love as Humanity, of Love as the pure and undefiled fountain of all that is *eternal* in the world.¹ . . .

"Yet the mere state of maternity itself, and even its later development into the higher order of motherhood, would be barren of this transforming element of love, if the Divine economy had not provided for its development by creating conditions for motherhood out of which, by sheer necessity as it were, must spring the strong growth of this supreme love-power of the world. Before altruism—Otherism, Love—was strong enough to take its own initiative, necessity had to be laid upon all mothers to act in the way required. . . . A mother who did not care for her children would have feeble and sickly children. Their children's

¹ *Ascent of Man*, p. 259.

children would be feeble and sickly children. And the day of reckoning would come when they would be driven off the field by a hardier, that is, a better-mothered race. Hence the premium of Nature upon better mothers. Hence *the elimination of all the reproductive failures*, of all the mothers who fell short of completing the process to the last detail. And hence, by the law of the survival of the fittest, Altruism, which at this stage means good-motherism, is forced upon the world.”²

Already, with even these meagre data from the pages of natural history, we are making mental analogies between the startling resemblance of civilization’s rudimentary stages to certain decadent conditions in modern society which have revived, by an outrageous frustration of nature’s laws, that monstrous impulse of the primeval savage toward the extinction of the Child which preceded his moral awakening under the touch of humanity’s higher instincts toward good. But startling as the resemblance appears from even this bare glimpse into civilization’s dark beginnings, it does but give a hint of the full extent to which humanity has become perverted from that ideal of the Mother which the most elementary stages of human development foreshadowed as the perfect instrument of God for the salvation of the race. Even the phraseology of the naturalist describes this promise of motherhood in words that thrill with their significance. “Is it too much to say that the one motive of organic Nature was to make mothers? It is at least certain that this was the chief thing she did. Ask the zoologist what, judging from science alone, Nature aspired to from the first, he could but answer Mammalia-Mothers. In as real a sense as a factory is meant to turn out locomotives or clocks, the machinery of Nature is designed in the last resort to turn out mothers. . . . It is a fact which no human mother can regard without awe, which no man can realize without a new reverence for woman and a new belief in the higher meaning of nature, that the goal of the whole plant and animal kingdoms seems to have been the creation of a family, which the very naturalist has had to call Mammalia.”³

But, as natural science points out, the mere state of maternity or motherhood is to be valued more for its mission to the world

² *Ibid.*, p. 265.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 268.

as a moral force than as the merely physical agency for the perpetuation of the race. "With the creation of human children Altruism found an area for its own expansion such as had never before existed in the world. In this new soil it grew from more to more, and reached a potentiality which enabled it to burst the trammels of physical conditions, and overflow the world as a moral force."⁴ Moreover, the uses of motherhood as a moral force have, as we see by this evidence from the pages of natural history, been made dependent upon the proper discharge of its physical functions by a necessity of natural law so strong and unavoidable that there is but one escape for the mother from her vocation as the world's great missionary, and this is the loss of her child. To resort again to the text of the physiologist's teaching on this point: "Every Mammalian child born into the world must come to be fed—must, for a given number of hours each day, be in the maternal school, and whether it like it or not, learn its lessons. No young of any Mammal can nourish itself. There is that in it, therefore, at this stage, which compels it to seek its mother; and there is that in the mother which compels her, even physically, to seek her child. On the physiological side, the name of this impelling power is lactation; on the ethical side, it is love. And there is no escape henceforth from communion between mother and child, or only one—death. . . . The training of humanity is seen to be under a compulsory education act."⁵ But this education act, we may add, first issued by Nature as her own supreme mandate upon the care and training of the child, has been vetoed so effectually by the modern educationalist that the mother's real mission in the world is threatened with extinction, or at least it has, for the majority of mothers, reverted to that mere physical function of maternity which belongs only to the lower grades of nature where the mother's relation to her offspring ceases almost at birth.⁶

There is a common notion that only among lower grades of human life are found mothers who bear resemblance to this kind of "brute maternity;" but as a matter of fact the conditions of motherhood among the poor—bad enough as they are most often

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 264.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 264.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 278.

found to be—are far higher up in the ethical scale than the maternal customs now so commonly practised among the mothers of the wealthy class where the relations between mother and child have been pushed to the farthest limit of estrangement. The dictates of modern scientific child-training recommend that the child should not even be caressed by the mother; and so unaccustomed is the new “science baby” to the fondling of maternal arms that it cries, not for the want of such caressing, like the babies of former days, but at the touch of any hands except perhaps those of the strange nurse who is too expert at her profession to disturb it with unnecessary handling. The children brought up under such training are doubtless gaining physically, but the gain is wholly and altogether upon the physical side, at a tremendous cost to the moral nature of the child. At best it develops into nothing higher than a healthy young animal with the fullest equipment of animal appetites and instincts which its human capacity is capable of carrying. This type of child has become common enough for us to recognize its resemblance to purely animal nature in the lower stages of being; and indeed to be reminded again by it of those conditions of maternity and infancy which exist only in stages of organic life below the animal kingdom.

“All elementary animals are orphans; they know neither home nor care; the earth is their only mother or the inhospitable sea; they waken to isolation, to apathy, to the attentions only of those who seek their doom. But as we draw nearer the apex of the animal kingdom the spectacle of a protective Maternity looms into view. . . . The truth is Nature so made animals in the early days that they did not need mothers. The moment they were born they looked after themselves. Mothers in those days would have been a superfluity. All that Nature worked at at that dawning date was maternity in a physical sense—Motherhood came as a later and a rarer growth. The children of those days were not really children at all; they were only offspring, springers off, deserters from home. At one bound they were out into life on their own account, and she who begat them knew them no more. That early world therefore . . . was a bleak and loveless world. It was a world without children and a world

without mothers. It is good to realize how heartless Nature was till these arrived."⁷

The importance of the ethical element in the relations of mother and child is again and again brought forward by modern scientists and philosophers in their researches in the field of natural history. John Fiske dwells upon the prolongation of helpless infancy as a chief factor in the elevation of humanity, and says: "In order to bring about that wonderful event, natural selection had to call in the aid of other agencies, and the chief of these agencies was the gradual lengthening of babyhood."⁸ "But the fact is," says another, "the progress of culture has shortened the period of babyhood," to the gain, perhaps, of the child's mental development, but plainly to the moral detriment of both mother and child; and at the inevitable risk of breaking down those hereditary habits of maternity upon which were built up the very foundations of human society. "All social fabrics of the world are built around woman. The first stable society was a mother and her helpless infant, and this little group is the grandest phenomenon still. To attach the man permanently to this group for the good of the kind has been the struggle of the ages. No wonder that the mother goddess exists in all theologies, that savages worship the all-producing Earth as a mother, that maternity has been accorded the highest place (in the human order) in prayer and adoration."⁹ "It is here and there affirmed that women are tiring of maternity, and that the progress of civilization and intellectuality are opposed to childbearing. When such sentiment becomes prevalent in any tribe or region or state or nation, its doom is already in progress."¹⁰

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

⁸ *Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. 2, Chap. 12, 16, 21.

⁹ *Woman's Share in Primitive Culture*, Mason, p. 818.

¹⁰ *Ascent of Man*, p. 284.

"The Madonna conception expresses man's highest conception of woman's nature . . . The elimination of maternity is one of the great calamities, if not diseases, of our age. Marholm (*The Psychology of Woman*) points out at length how art again to-day (depicts) woman with no child in her arms or even in sight; a mere figurine, calculated perhaps to entice, but not to bear; incidentally degrading the artist who depicts her to a fashion-plate painter, perhaps with suggestions of the arts of the toilet, cosmetics, coquetry, etc. . . . As in the Munchausen tale, the wolf slowly ate the running nag from behind until he found himself in the harness, so in

Yet though this separation of mother and child has advanced step by step with the march of education, it is not because Mind and Motherhood are incompatible conditions. Intelligence indeed is the highest qualification for motherhood, for as we have seen, it is only when the development of the mother begins to rise out of the lower phases of mere brute instinct and follow the more enlightened dictates of the mind and will that motherhood assumes those characteristics which place its moral worth even far above the value of its physical service to human life. "Till the brain arrived, everything was too brief, too rapid for ethical achievements; animals were in a hurry to be born, children thirsted to be free. There was no helplessness to pity, no pain to relieve, no quiet hours, no watching; to the mother, no moment of suspense—the most educative moment of all—when the spark of life in her little one burned low. Parents could be of no use to their offspring physically, and the offspring could be of no use to their parents *psychically*. The young required no infancy; the old acquired no sympathy. Even among the other mammalia or the birds the mother's chance was small. There infancy extends to a few days or weeks, yet is but an incident in a life preoccupied with sterner tasks. A lioness will bleed for her cub to-day, and in to-morrow's struggle for life contend with it to the death. A sheep knows its lamb only while it is a lamb. The affection in these cases, fierce enough while it lasts, is soon forgotten." ¹¹

Let us not lay it altogether at the door of the mother, however, if her development as a moral force in the upward progress of the race has been checked in these latter days. About the time the schoolmaster went abroad in the pioneer days of our country's march toward progress, the mother went abroad too. The schoolmaster relieved her of the necessity of staying at home, since her occupation at home—as teacher of the child—was gone.

the disoriented woman, the mistress, virtuous and otherwise, is slowly supplanting the mother . . . Indeed, in some psychic respects, it seems as if in human society the processes of subordinating the male to the female, carried so far in some of the animal species, had already begun. If he (man) is not worshipped as formerly, it is because he is less worshipful or more effeminate, less vigorous and less able to excite and retain the great love of true, not to say, great women."—*The Psychology of Adolescence*, Prof. G. Stanley Hall; pp. 627, 628.

¹¹ *Ascent of Man*, p. 287.

Since that march of the schoolmaster began, the retrogression of the mother set in. From the isolation of the mother from her child, the decadence of the mother-instinct, which has paced step by step with modern educationalism, took its rise.¹² It was at this point the first stone was taken from the foundations of that school of maternal training which nature built up for the child with such infinite care when her great Education Act was first enacted in the heart of humanity's first mother. "The creation of Mammalia established two schools in the world—the two oldest and surest and best equipped schools of ethics that have ever been in it—the one for the child, who must now at least know its mother, the other for the mother, who must as certainly attend to her child. The only thing that remains now is to secure that they shall both be kept in that school *as long as it is possible to detain them*. The next effort . . . is to lengthen out these school days, *and give affection time to grow*." For the sake of throwing these significant facts from natural history into still greater relief against the present conditions of maternity in the world, let us continue the quotation on this subject. "No animal except man was permitted to have his education thus prolonged. Many creatures were allowed to stay at school for a few days or weeks, but to one only was given a curriculum complete enough to accomplish its exalted end. Watch two of the highest organisms dur-

¹² "In a significant paper by Dr. Allen (*New England Magazine*, 1882) on the New England family, which was the germ of American civilization, and where for two hundred years the homes were well-nigh models, it is shown how the birth-rate has steadily declined for half a century and that at a very rapid rate, until it is lower than that of any European nation, France itself not excepted. In 1875 there were 359,000 families in Massachusetts; of these, 23,739 consisted of only one person, 115,456 of only two, and 140,974 of only three persons. Dr. Allen estimated that only one-half of the New England mothers could properly nurse their offspring, and that the number who could do so was constantly decreasing. While failure to do so might be often due to lack of wish, it was usually due to undeveloped mammary glands, feeble digestion, and nervousness. This state of things, he assures us, can be found to anything like the same extent nowhere else and among no other nation or race in history. Foreign families, especially if they acquire property, approach this condition a few years after they land on our shores. The Jews and our grandmothers thought barrenness a curse, but now the bearing and rearing of large families is felt to belong to low life. Love of offspring is less intense; woman's organization is changing under new conditions."—*The Psychology of Adolescence*, G. Stanley Hall, p. 595.

ing their earliest youth, and observe the striking contrast in the time they are made to remain at their mother's side. The first is a human infant; the second, born, let us suppose, on the same day, is a baby monkey. In a few days or weeks the baby monkey is almost able to leave its mother. Already it can climb, and eat, and chatter like its parents; and in a few weeks more the creature is as independent of them as the winged-seed is of the parent tree. Meantime, and for many months to come, its little twin is unable to feed itself, or clothe itself, or protect itself; it is a mere semi-unconscious chattel, a sprawling ball of helplessness, the world's one type of impotence. The body is there in all its parts, bone for bone and muscle for muscle, like the other. But somehow this body will not do its work. Something as yet hangs fire. The body has eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, limbs but they walk not. This body is a failure. Why does the human infant lie like a log on the forest-bed while its nimble prototype mocks it from the bough above? Why did that which is not human step out into life so long before that which is? . . . We know what this delay means ethically—it was *necessary for moral training that the human child should have the longest possible time by its mother's side.*"¹³

"With the physical drama carried out to the last detail, the ethical drama opened. An early result, partly of her sex, and partly of her passive strain, is the founding through the instrumentality of the first savage mother of a new and beautiful social state—domesticity. While man, restless, eager, hungry, is a wanderer on the earth, woman makes a home. And though this home be but a platform of sticks and leaves, it becomes the first great school-room of the human race. For one day there appears in this roofless room that which shall teach the teachers of the world—a little child."¹⁴ Contrast this idyl of primitive bliss with a picture of domestic conditions in our own enlightened age. At home to-day in the solitary house sits the mother, her hands hanging idle, her bosom cold; in her heart—nay, in her whole physical being—a hunger for something that is missed. If she is intelligent, if science has taught her the needs of her being, she knows what that hunger means. If she is a low creature of mere

¹³ *Ascent of Man*, pp. 282, 283.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 281.

brute instincts, she does not seek the cause of her craving, but only the gratification of it, or the forgetfulness of it in whatever form of dissipation lies nearest to her resources or conforms best with her tastes. The old dissipations of gossip and dress and trivialities fail to satisfy the hunger of a nature in which the laws of life and love have been thwarted and perverted like this. Something stronger is craved for; and every day's report of the world and its ways brings us further evidence of woman's dissatisfaction with the happiness to be found in honorable wifehood, motherhood, and home, and the direful results of this dissatisfaction in modern society.

The homes have driven the children out, and there is nothing now to do but for the schools to take them in. Like orphans, the little ones flock to these refuges—in the winter to keep warm, and in the summer to keep cool. Troops of them come to this beneficent refuge of the school when the hot pavements of the city streets and the fetid air of the tenements drive them helplessly forth to better shelter in the great cool spaces of the school building. The babies come, too, even those who have not yet reached the age prescribed in the kindergarten rules. Now and then, by a pathetic lie, the "little mothers" try to palm off the two- and three-year-old baby brother or sister on the overburdened teacher, or get it in on the plea that there is no one at home to take care of it, as the mother is out at work. With a benevolence that in a sense has come to be a curse, the great school system makes provision for not only the mental needs of the homeless child, but tries to meet its physical needs also, in order to lay some kind of a basis in its starved life for the better training of its mind. Only recently it was seriously proposed to the supervisors of some of our great city public schools that the children of the poor should be fed by the school, since it was discovered that great numbers of them were sent from home daily in a half-starved condition. Truly the limit of the home's displacement by the school is reached at last if the child must turn from its home to the school for even its bodily nourishment. The most primary conditions for securing the child's attachment to home and parents are based upon the *feeding* function. The strongest influence of the mother is associated with her ability to feed her children

properly. The family table is the most permanent material bond of family union, and even of affection. A mother who has been mistress of the art of cooking, who has had watchful and intelligent personal care of the food of the family, has a hold over the affections of both husband and children that she may count on retaining to the very end. This may seem an unworthy estimate of the quality of maternal influence, but it is nothing more than an estimate of the relations which the physical life has to the moral, or even the spiritual life, of human nature. A mother's slovenly, unintelligent and unhealthy manner of feeding her family can be a more fruitful source of their estrangement from her, and even of ultimate family disruption, than any direct moral cause may be. A mother might be a saint as to moral or spiritual qualities, but she would be probably an utter failure as a mother if she were a bad cook, or an inefficient purveyor of food to her family. The mother's function of feeding her children is associated with the holiest as well as the sweetest relations of the woman to the human race. Peculiarly significant was that fine old Saxon meaning of "lady"—the loaf-giver. The modern fashion of dispensing with as many household duties as possible, of hiring menials to perform every kind of personal service, of even giving up home life altogether and living in hotels, has done more to chill the springs of human affection than any other agency. It is in the heart of the mother as mistress and dispenser of gifts and of loving service to her family that these affections are enthroned. In abrogating her privileges in this respect she has paid a heavy penalty in the loss of the strongest bond of influence over human nature that a woman can possess.

TRAVEL AND RECENT EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.

LAST summer I made a rapid excursion to the north of Palestine for the purpose of visiting Palmyra, Hamah, and Antioch. To gain time while passing through parts of the country with which I was already quite familiar, I took the train from Beyrout to Homs.

Here I met some tourists who were going on to Baalbek and Damascus. They seemed greatly disappointed at what they con-

sidered a total lack of interesting scenery and localities. Whilst slowly mounting the ridges of the Libanus they imagined themselves in a dreary solitude having nothing to attract the attention beyond the dismal slopes that led toward the craggy height of Beit-Meri and Deir-el-Galaah where once stood the sanctuary of Baal. From this point the train makes a rapid descent to the plain of Coelesyria, offering a welcome change of scenery by bringing the traveller in full view of Mt. Hermon, with its brilliant diadem of snow-capped peaks, dominated by the central "high-place," with its natural altar and sacred cavern. At this point the train divides, one section going toward Damascus, across the Anti-Libanus, the other turning directly north, and bridging the immense crevice of the Begaa. On the whole the aspect is gloomy and oppressive, especially during the hot season.

And yet it is evident that there is some great interest which draws the general current of travel more and more in this direction. Carriage roads are being extended into the interior from all points, where for centuries only caravans of camels and donkeys made their slow and toilsome way. Since last September one may travel by rail from Damascus to Ma'an, only a few hours from Pétra, and to the scattered lines of railroad in different parts, where commerce or military communication makes them profitable, there will soon be added a railway going into the very heart of Arabia, as far as Mecca. In the north the road extending to Aleppo is designed to meet the various lines of travel from Asia Minor.

It is hardly necessary to ask wherefore is this interest in a land seemingly so barren and lifeless, so devoid of scenic attraction and lacking the common advantages of modern culture. It is because there is a fascination hidden in its interior and past, an attraction which one comes to understand and to realize by entering into the deeper secrets of its mysterious development and history.

Take alone this region of Coelesyria with its southern entrance guarded by the Baal of Heliopolis. Here lies Riblah with its white, cone-roofed huts giving the vague impression of some great encampment. To the student of history it recalls the great battle between Assyria and Egypt, and the wretched captivity of Joachaz, king of Juda (IV Kings 23 : 33). A little farther on is the lake which of old bathed the proud Cades, the fortress

of the Hittite (Hethæan) monarchs, against which the attacks of the Pharaohs were for ages unsuccessful. When at last it was taken by the conquerors of the XVIII and XIX Dynasties, Toutmes III, and Seti and Rameses II, the power and stronghold of "vil khati" were definitely overcome and destroyed. After the ruins of Cades we pass the mediæval castle of Galaat-el-Hosn, dominating the plain and the river Orontes (Nahr-el-Asi) which seems still awaiting the victorious return of the chivalrous Crusaders. Thus the mind is fed with a series of Biblical and historical images as the eyes glance over the desolate ruins one after another until Homs is reached, the brilliant Emesa of Helio-gabalus (Elagabalus), and of the Sun-god.

Three weeks later, after a most delightful expedition to Palmyra and the deserted ruins strewn about the country between Antioch and Aleppo, we returned filled with enthusiasm, although fatigued, to the main routes of travel, to meet again our disappointed tourists, to whom everything seemed small and insignificant and without interest except in so far as it afforded them food for comparison between that which they had seen and the brilliant descriptions they had read in what they considered to be untruthful legends.

Now just as one must learn to talk so he must learn to see. And it is to enable the intelligent traveller and the observant student to realize this fact that our Biblical School in Jerusalem was founded and continues its work. Our aim is to teach the student to see and to understand the significance of Palestinian conditions past and present; and by this means we shall certainly promote the knowledge and progress of religion. When our Divine Master said to His disciples that the very stones of the Holy City would proclaim His praise, He uttered a profound and lasting truth. The excavations made in Palestine, inasmuch as they verify and elucidate the narratives of the Bible, bear testimony to the divine power and mission as well as the divine teaching of our Lord. If to-day we uncover in the Canaanitish soil the ancient temples of the idolatrous worshippers who preceded the Israelite inhabitants in that country, we learn by the contrast to revere the true worship that supplanted it; if we come at every step upon new traces of Jewish history which testify to the prom-

ise of Messianic liberty, such as we enjoy to-day, it increases our confidence and gratitude for the fact that Jesus preached and planted the seed of our holy faith on the soil of Palestine. For while He followed the paths where to-day we search for His traces, He taught the world that its idols were vain, that the day of figures was over, and that there had dawned another day of wonderful realizations, that mankind had for a God a Father who in Heaven would recompense all those who to a just life joined the worship that springs from within, in spirit and in truth. And it is with the end of understanding more distinctly every day these comforting words, that it is well betimes to tarry amid the dusty trenches of the excavations, and to follow with interest and attention the explorer and Biblical scientist upon the rugged paths of Palestine.

In the matter of excavations much has been accomplished within recent years. In the May number of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, 1902, I gave a brief account of the results of the archaeological and historical researches in Palestine up to that date. Most important discoveries since then have been described in the journals and quarterly statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

In midsummer of the year 1902 the English Society under the direction of Professor Macalister commenced operations at Gezer. No Tell (mound) in Palestine was ever explored with such persevering and thorough method as this one. But the effort bore quickly its fruit. Mr. Macalister had only proceeded a short distance in the digging of trenches when his men reached a burial cavern, almost untouched, going back to the period termed neolithic, that is, between two and three thousand years before Christ. The condition in which the relics of bones were found showed that the bodies had been cremated, while the vessels used for the storing of provisions, placed in great number round about each sepulchre, indicated without doubt belief in some sort of survival after death. In the rock above the ancient *hypogeum* (underground structure) there were hewn numerous arched openings beneath which in the centre a stone was placed upright. These details, all very definitely located and further

corroborated by careful and minute observations, appeared to Mr. Macalister to be undoubted vestiges of the cult of some Canaanite divinity, or of the dead, or at least of sacrifices offered to the dead.

Shortly after, another discovery of the first importance was made in the layer of the ruins which is identified with the archaic Canaanite period,—that is to say, between 2000 and 1500 B. C. A monumental “high-place,” with the sacred cavern, the line of *masseboth*, the altar, the base of the Acherah, and the extensive cemetery of infants whose bodies were offered in propitiation to the gods of the place, is now exposed to view.

Sepulchral caverns in great number have been found all about, although their dates vary greatly. The most remarkable tombs are those which were located under the foundations of public buildings, or even of private houses. Here and there relics of skeletons are found buried under the thresholds of the entrances. These belong for the most part to the bodies of infants which were probably offered up as sacrifices on occasion of the foundation or inauguration of a building in accordance with the sanguinary rites which the Bible informs us were common among the Canaanites.¹ Numerous small figures have been turned up, not remarkable for artistic beauty but strongly characteristic in form of expression of the period to which they are assigned. Many of them represent the goddess Astarte whose images have been found in other parts of Canaan, indicating that her cult was universal, whilst the ancient city of Gezer seemed specially devoted to her. A somewhat rare form of these statuettes represents the goddess with two large horns which encompass her face like a frame, corresponding perfectly to the “Astarte of the two horns” which is mentioned in the Bible.

The most noteworthy among the discoveries dealing with inscriptions is a beautiful fragment of a cuneiform tablet written in the language of Babylonia, being the record of a contract. Its language indicates that about the seventh century before Christ Gezer must have been occupied by an Assyrian garrison.

While in the south the English Society was pursuing its operations with such happy results, an important campaign, initiated

¹ III Kings 16 : 34.

by Dr. Sellin of the University of Vienna, and aided by the Austrian government, has been conducted in the north. The particular locality chosen for excavation was the ancient Biblical site of Ta'annak. Apart from the abundance of discoveries made here the point of special value to the student in this region was the fact that the strata of these ruins, which are taken to indicate the particular development of ancient civilization shown by the excavations, gave evidence of being in perfect harmony with the observations of strata made in the south of Palestine. It is well known that about 2500 B.C. the original inhabitants of this region were supplanted by Canaanite immigration. Between 2000 and 1500 B.C. the Canaanite tribes fell under the sway of the Babylonians, and thence passed under that of the Egyptians. During these five hundred years they made various attempts to form themselves into an independent people with self-government; but they only succeeded in kindling the wrath of their conquerors and thus, notably during the XVIII and XIX Dynasties in Egypt, they increased the measures of tyranny on the part of their conquerors who sought to coerce them into greater subjection. Nevertheless the inhabitants of Ta'annak managed in time to gain their freedom. Gradually, after this, the power of the invading Israelites began to be felt. These soon conquered most of the petty kings that ruled over the separate tribes throughout the land. These tribes were, as a rule, not very large, being made up for the most part of only a few villages clustered about some stronghold. From the tenth century B.C. on we have definite data regarding the Hebrew conquest. A strong government is organized under royal sway and, at least for a time, we see a great and wise rule obtaining throughout the country.

In harmony with the evidence furnished by the excavations upon the historical incidents recorded in the Bible we find detailed testimony regarding the religious practices and the liturgical worship of the inhabitants, a feature which is of special interest to the Scripture student. At Ta'annak as at Gezer and at Tell Safieh, we have a Canaanite "high-place," the altar of stone, the *masseboth* (sacred stones, pillars or stone images), remains of human victims in the foundations of buildings, infants sacrificed and interred about the altar, and idols of the divinities in great number, those

of Astarte, however, predominating. Here also is to be seen the fortress or palace of one of the pre-Israelite kings of Ta'annak, with the thoroughly Assyrian name of Istarwassur. Thanks, too, to the industry of Dr. Sellin, we have also discovered amid the ruins of the fortress the royal library, although, unfortunately, in very bad condition. It is not perhaps quite accurate to use the word "library" in designating this find. It does not consist of tablets such as the explorers in Assyria have found. The discovery at Ta'annak is probably better termed "archives," although among the shattered pieces of a terra-cotta box² a dozen fragments of more or less importance representing cuneiform tablets of the same epoch and the same character as those of Tell-el-Armarna, were picked up, which come properly under the title of letters. The bulk of the inscriptions, however, consists of documents, letters of administration, addressed to the King Istarwassur, who governed the city of Ta'annak and the towns which came within its jurisdiction³ in the name of the Pharaoh, his suzerain. The letters are partly from the royal functionaries who were charged with fixing imposts and raising troops, partly from the neighboring princes. Despite their mutilated condition the tablets are of considerable importance as furnishing a key to some mooted points of historical inquiry.

Another discovery at Ta'annak which is of special interest to the Biblical student is "an altar of (incense) perfumes," dating from what might be called the golden period of Israelitish history—that is to say, about the eighth century B. C. This altar is a sort of quadrangular prism in terra-cotta, the proportions being singularly like those of the liturgical altar placed in the Tabernacle and described in Exodus (30: 1 ff.). By its measurements we are enabled to form an accurate estimate of the cubits mentioned in the Bible. The sides of the altar at Ta'annak are ornamented with bas-reliefs; three figures having the bodies of animals and human heads are placed one over the other, the figure of a lion being inserted between each pair.

Above these there are other figures in low relief. These on one side represent two small quadrupeds facing a tree, and on the other side a man on foot who is engaged in choking a serpent

² *Cfr.* Jer. 32: 14.

³ *Cfr.* Jos. 17: 2.

that had attacked him. The altar is cone-shape toward the top, and terminates in a sort of cup destined for the perfumes of incense and for the libations. Horns are attached to the upper angles of the monument, which curve toward the sides, in the fashion of rams' horns. Dr. Sellin thinks that the altar was one used for domestic devotion, not only because it was found among articles of daily use, but also because fragments of a similar altar were found in other parts of the Tell, indicating that it was part of the furniture of a private dwelling-place belonging to the same period. The excavations at Ta'annak were completed in the summer of 1904.

The German Palestine Society (*Deutscher Palästina Verein*) for nearly two years has been excavating the site of the ancient Megiddo, one of the most important localities in Biblical history. The results thus far made public, though not nearly complete, seem to indicate a forecast of rich treasures likely to add much to our historico-religious information. Noteworthy among other finds at this place is that of a royal seal carved in jasper, bearing the inscription: "To Shéma, servant of Jeroboam."⁴ Professor Kautsch suggests that it relates to the time of Jeroboam I, about 920 B. C., but that in any case it would not be of later date than about 780, corresponding to the reign of Jeroboam II. What seems to corroborate this surmise is the existence of another similar seal, which, although there has been some doubt about its origin, is unquestionably authentic. The *Revue Biblique* at the time published a description of it.⁵ It bears the legend: "To Shéma, servant of the King." The words refer, it would seem, to the same person bearing the decidedly Israelitish name of Shéma. To account for the presence of this intaglio in the ruins of Megiddo numerous hypotheses have been invented. Professor Kautsch proposes as solution of the question that Shéma accompanied the King of Israel to Megiddo, and lost the seal there. There are various other explanations which it is needless to record here.

In the meantime the Emperor of Germany, besides having given ample subsidies to urge private initiative and research among German scholars, has undertaken at his own expense to clear the

⁴ *Mittheilungen des deutschen Palästina Vereins*, 1904, no. 1-2.

⁵ *R. B.*, 1903, p. 605, n. 1.

gigantic and marvellous monuments which cluster around Baalbek. The great temple site is now at length after many centuries freed from the accumulated rubbish and parasite constructions which hitherto had disfigured the site. The huge sacred edifice of Zeus Heliopolis stands out in magnificent proportions with its grand vestibules, ample courts, sumptuous exedrae, and verandas ; with its altar of sacrifice, and the sacred reservoirs in front of the temple proper. In viewing such a structure with its wonderfully complex decorations the student of architecture, the artist, the historian, and above all the Biblical student feel themselves transported into the historic past and are riveted to the enchanted spot ; without effort imagination brings back all the details of the ancient worship, a syncretistic cult in which the gods of Greece and Rome were identified with the ancient divinities of Syria, until Christianity came to dispel the clouds of the false oracles, and to point out the true God revealing the hopelessness of the struggle which paganism would fain make against the Messianic power.

While on all sides the excavators are busy, seeking to drag forth monuments embodying, as it were, the history of past ages buried in the soil, careful studies are being made of all the objects and inscriptions found. Americans like other nations have entered enthusiastically into this field of investigation ; they have undertaken to make a complete and scientific study of Central Syria and the regions beyond the Jordan. Their well organized bands are detailed to work in different sections dealing with topography and history, architecture and the other arts, Semitic and Græco-Latin epigraphy, and finally anthropology and ethnography. Each section has a specialist to direct its work. The section of architecture has published a large volume of reports,⁶ in which are described and examined the monuments brought to light. These cover a wide range of early civilization, beginning with the rude habitations and fortifications of the primitive inhabitants down to the close of the Byzantine period, when the Islamitic conquerors came to put their blight upon a land once the scene of thrift and the source of the greatest prosperity.

⁶ Publications of an American Archæological Expedition to Syria, in 1899-1900 Part II. Architecture and Other Arts ; by Howard Crosby Butler. Large quarto, 433 pp., 600 ill. New York : Century Co. 1903.

To the American Orientalist, the Rev. John P. Peters, belongs the credit as well as the good fortune of having preserved for us two noteworthy *hypogea*, whose walls were covered with remarkable paintings. These were excavated at the foot of the same Tell-Sandahanna which had been previously uncovered by Mr. Bliss. In the summer of 1902, while making an archæological tour in the south of Palestine, in company with a young German savant, Dr. Thiersch, information was brought to Mr. Peters of the accidental discovery of the *hypogea*, and it was due to the prompt and intelligent action of these two gentlemen that the discovery was properly brought before the learned world. For in these finds much depends upon the careful and detailed treatment of the objects, for their immediate preservation, in order to prevent the senseless vandalism of the Arabs and the rapacity of curio-seekers from destroying things whose value they cannot properly estimate. It is through this lack of vigilance and promptness that many precious monuments have been lost in the past. Messrs. Peters and Thiersch kindly invited the assistance of the Dominican Fathers at Jerusalem to make the drawings and reliefs of the *hypogea*. These are about to be published under the title of *The Necropolis of Mareshah*. One of the inscriptions in the larger *hypogeum* mentions the sepulchre of one "Apollophanes, chief of the Sidonians established at Mareshah." Mr. Bliss had drawn a correct conclusion from his archæological discoveries in identifying as Mareshah the excavated city on the neighboring Tell-Sandahanna. Several other historical questions were answered by the abundant specimens of epigraphy found in tombs. They are, above all, of value to the student of Hellenistic Palestinian archæology, and present a complete cycle of pictures including scenes of the chase, religious symbols such as Cerberus guarding the entrance of a tomb, and liturgical ceremonies like that of the offering of sacrifice with the preliminary libations and the procession of musicians that accompany either the one who offers or the priest who officiates, a crown on his forehead, the cup of libations in one hand, and with the other leading the ox to be slain.

Besides its modest contribution to the study of the *hypogea* of Mareshah, the Biblical School of the Dominican Fathers at Jeru-

salem has on its own account done good work in this field of Biblical science. The results obtained by the systematic study and scientific excursions of its members are recorded in the regular issues of the *Revue Biblique*, and the School has studied and made known discoveries of great importance to Biblical scholars throughout the world. Among these must be mentioned the great Byzantine, found at Jerusalem. The principal subject of this picture is Orpheus charming the animals, with other figures in medallions surrounding the central plaque. As a result of the latest exploration of Pétra we were enabled to bring to light many important Nabataean inscriptions, and also to make an accurate relief of the Nabataean "high-place" there.

The explorations of Negeb, which was also undertaken by us, has not yet been completed or wholly published. A further important exploration was that of Abdeh, with the discovery of a strange example of a Nabataean Haram, containing the tomb of the monarch Obodas who had been ranked among the gods and thus became, after his death, an object of worship among his people. Also deserving of mention are the successful excavations made at Sidon by direction of the Imperial Ottoman Museum, whose directors committed to the *Revue Biblique* the publication of the detailed reports as a signal recognition of the services which the Dominican Fathers had rendered the savants working under the protection of the Turkish government in deciphering several Phœnician inscriptions and in executing numerous archæological reliefs. The object of these important discoveries was the locating of the temple of Echmoun, the god held in the highest honor in ancient Sidon. This is the first specimen of a Phœnician temple found within the territory of Phœnicia. Although it is a complete ruin, as may be readily surmised if we remember the vicissitudes which it must have undergone during twenty-five or more centuries, the remains are large enough to enable us to form a mental picture of the ancient appearance of the entire structure. What gives particular interest to this monument is the fact that even if its construction did not go back further than the fifth century before Christ, it is nevertheless a perfect specimen of Phœnician architecture, as it was built by the descendants of the Phœnician artist whom Solomon had brought to Jerusalem to build the temple of Jahve.

I have mentioned here only contributions to the science of archæology in connection with more recent discoveries in Palestine, as this is our main present purpose.

The harmony between the programme traced by us for the *École Biblique* fifteen years ago and the recent programme drawn up by the Pontifical Commission of Biblical Studies points to its immediate usefulness and offers the best guarantee that our Biblical School at Jerusalem is doing a most important work for the popularization and elevation of Biblical studies among Catholic students. Nor is its foundation unappreciated outside the Church. The best proof of this is perhaps to be found in the fact that when the Consistory of the Protestant Churches of the German Empire decided some years ago to found an institution where young theologians, doctors, and pastors of the different sects, might come to gain a practical knowledge of the history of religion and of the Bible, they freely admitted that the benefit accruing to the theological and scientific world from such an institution was amply demonstrated by the foundation of a similar Biblical School in operation among Catholics.

FR. M. J. LAGRANGE, O.P.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

"HOLY GROUND."

ON the broad stone terrace of an old English manor-house two men were pacing to and fro. It was in the days before English Catholics had the freedom and the privileges they now enjoy. The two men were typical Englishmen, each a very fair example of his class. A bluff genial character was Squire Thornton, the owner of the manor-house and of many miles of the fair country around, while his companion, Parson Dare, was the rector of the place. The two were fast friends, and sundry weighty matters had they settled that morning, to their own satisfaction at least, as they loitered on the terrace walk. The subject that was now under discussion was evidently a troublesome one, for the Squire's ruddy face was unusually grave.

"Yes," he said at last, "I am very sorry for it—as likely a lad as you could wish to see and he is going to the bad! We can't

shut our eyes to that." The clergyman bowed his head in mournful assent.

"I quite realize that, Squire," he said, "but I can do nothing with him. He is unapproachable." The Squire smiled; he had little faith in his friend's persuasive powers, however much he liked him on other accounts.

"I do not wonder that you can make little of Cuthbert Lorri-mer," he said, "for his mother was a Roman Catholic, and in his childhood the boy was brought up in that faith."

"A Roman Catholic?" the Parson queried in dismay. "I had no idea of that! How is it, Squire, that you never mentioned the fact before? Aye, I am little surprised at the lad's wayward notions now."

"I did not say that the lad was a Catholic," the Squire returned somewhat testily. "I only said that in his childhood he was supposed to be one, for you see his mother, who was a distant relative of my poor wife's, was an Irish Catholic, but she died young and the boy was left to follow his own inclinations, and where they have led him we know only too well."

The Squire relapsed into a moody silence, but the troubled expression gradually faded from his face as he gazed around him, —for no familiarity with the scene before him could dim its beauty in Squire Thornton's eyes. There was a glorious stretch of open country, and it looked its best in the still repose of the summer's evening, while here and there the first rich tints of early autumn were appearing to add character to the picture. The two old friends loved the view from the terrace, and as if by mutual consent they stood in silence and watched the glowing sunset. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a the sound of horse's hoofs, and up the broad avenue that led to the house a youth approached at what seemed almost a reckless speed on such stately ground. The two men watched him as he came on, and the Squire said with a touch of grudging admiration in his tones:

"How well he rides! See, Dare, that's the new black mare I told you of. A fiery animal!"

"A beautiful creature," the Parson exclaimed with undisguised admiration.

"Yes," the Squire returned whimsically. "And the same

might be said of the rider. As fine a specimen of young manhood as one could wish to see. So much for appearances!"

The rider as he came within hailing distance of the terrace gaily waved his whip in salutation; then as he reached the house, he sprang lightly to the ground, and still holding the reins laid his hand caressingly upon the quivering neck of the beautiful and delicately sensitive animal at his side, which seemed to be all nerves and indisposed to stand without some restraining superior power.

Cuthbert Lorrimer was only five-and-twenty, and looking at the fair, boyish face which scarcely seemed even that age, it was hard to believe that he was leading the wild spendthrift life for which he had gained a reputation during the past four years; and yet Squire Thornton knew for a certainty that some of the worst stories told of the lad were only too true. Moreover, he had seen it proved beyond a doubt by the fact that many thousands of pounds out of the goodly heritage the young man had come into a short time ago, had been ruthlessly squandered. Careful and thrifty in spite of his own liberal rent-roll, the old Squire found it hard to countenance the young cavalier's extravagances, and yet there was no gainsaying the fact that Cuthbert Lorrimer had found a very soft corner in the old man's heart, and come when he would he was always sure of a cordial reception.

The young man looked up with a bright smile as the Squire and the Parson joined him.

"There is no place for testing the merits of a horse like your meadow lands, Squire," he said. The older man gave a grunt of mild satisfaction and looked doubtfully at the youth.

"You will break your neck one of these days, Cuthbert, sure enough," he said.

The young man laughed, then a groom appearing, the mare was led away to the stables.

"No, Squire, I don't intend to break my neck, just at present," Cuthbert went on lightly. "I mean to get a little more enjoyment out of life while I can."

"Your ideas of the enjoyment of life are rather broad, Mr. Lorrimer," the Parson remarked somewhat rigidly; the young man laughed again good-humoredly.

"All my ideas are broad," he declared, "and I am persuaded that an open mind has its advantages, for it enables one to take an unprejudiced interest in all one hears. This afternoon I have been regaled by one of the old gossips in the village to an account of all the haunted houses in the neighborhood, and really some of the stories were most thrilling; the narrator's faith in them was truly touching. Now, Squire," he went on, turning abruptly to the old gentleman, "let me have your candid opinion of haunted houses in general."

Squire Thornton gave vent to one of his hearty laughs. "My opinion," he said, "is that ghost stories and all such nonsense are fit only for sentimental school girls and serving maids! What say you, Parson?"

"That I do not entirely go with you," the Parson rejoined, "for I consider many of our quaint old legends to have a foundation in fact."

Cuthbert smiled. "In my broad way, I can agree with you both!" he said. "They are quaint and may have a foundation in fact; but for all that they are nonsense if taken as seriously as they generally are!" There was apparently no more to say, and so he turned into the house intending to doff his riding dress. He crossed the large entrance hall upon whose walls were displayed guns and horns and sundry trophies of the chase, but instead of going up to his room he turned abruptly to the left where he curiously paused at a door. Apparently he was pre-occupied by some absorbing thought; for a moment he hesitated, then put his hand upon the large bronze knob and went in. The door was heavy and lined with baize which muffled the sound as he turned to close it after him.

For Cuthbert Lorrimer the stillness of this place had always exercised a strange fascination. The room was in reality the library of the manor-house and not much used by the present Squire, though it was carefully kept and there were fine old tomes of rare manuscripts and books beautifully bound all around the walls. It was a spacious, lordly-looking room whose large quaintly shaped windows faced the east, whilst some of its diamond panes were filled with colored glass, which softened the light and gave an air to the place quite in harmony with the unbroken stillness

all around; so at least it impressed young Lorrimer as he stood in the centre of the room, his eyes fixed dreamily upon the central window.

"If any part of this old house were haunted," he was saying to himself, "it would certainly be this room! It's strange," he went on musing, "there is something uncanny about it, and I can never make out what it is." He did not finish this train of thought, but shook himself impatiently. "What a fool I am," he muttered. "How the old Squire would laugh if he had any notion of my feelings about this room!" And at the mere thought of the Squire's bantering raillery Cuthbert's face flushed hotly, and he turned away as if he would be rid of the influence of the place. Looking back to the old mantelpiece, he paused, a softer expression in his eyes. "I have it!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "These are the words that have haunted me for days—'*The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*'" Then, as if afraid of his own thoughts, he went quietly from the room. Half an hour later at Squire Thornton's merry dinner-table Cuthbert Lorrimer was the gayest person of the company, and those listening to his careless talk would have found it hard to believe that he could ever yield to such strange mood as that which possessed him a short while ago in the library.

The following day a young nobleman, whom the Squire suspected to be the most dangerous of Cuthbert's associates, sent a message requesting his young friend to join him at once in London. The Squire plainly expressed his dislike of the arrangement and sought to prevail upon his ward not to go; but Cuthbert only laughed at the remonstrance, declaring that it was impossible to refuse his friend's invitation. It was with no little chagrin and with serious misgivings that the Squire finally consented to the departure of the young man.

Cuthbert had arranged to do the first few miles of the journey on horseback, intending to leave his favorite horse at the next county town and make the rest of the journey by train. Buoyant in the vigor of youthful strength he bade adieu to the Squire, and there was something of sadness in the answer of the old man, who watched him riding merrily away, as though he had a foreboding of evil on the youth's account. Before the end of two hours

Cuthbert Lorrimer was brought back to the manor-house stretched on a camp-bed, helpless and unconscious. He had been violently thrown from the saddle and suffered apparently internal injury, besides a severe fracture of the right leg. They took him into the library and laid him tenderly upon a couch, near which the kindly old Squire, his ruddy face grown white with dread apprehension, kept watch until he might hear the doctor's verdict. But the medical report on the whole was reassuring, all the more as the patient had a strong constitution to support an operation which promised to leave the youth in possession of his limbs without further injuries. Perfect quiet was essential, and he must remain where he was for at least the next twenty-four hours. So the old housekeeper fitted up the room as a temporary hospital, and the usually deserted library assumed quite a new aspect. There was a cheerful fire in the grate, and all else that could make the room pleasant for the favored patient in case he should awaken from his stupor and become conscious of his surroundings. During the first few hours there was nothing to be done but to watch carefully for any change that might take place. So the time went by; the clock ticked faintly on the chimney-piece; now and then a cinder fell into the grate, and nothing on the whole broke the general stillness save the heavy, irregular breathing of the sick man as he lay there entirely bereft of his senses.

It was not until four o'clock the following morning when the first faint glow was beginning to appear in the east that Cuthbert Lorrimer opened his eyes and seemed to come to himself. For a few seconds he gazed vacantly about him,—then in a flash it all came back to him. He remembered how he had been thrown. He remembered the terrible sensation which he had felt and which had seemed to him the foreboding of death. In that single moment of his fall it had seemed to him that all his misspent life had risen before his eyes, filling him with utter despair—and now—but before his mind could fully grasp the present, the nurse was bending over him. She gave him some soothing draught, and bade him be calm and rest. He was weak and exhausted, and very soon relapsed into what appeared a broken but natural sleep.

Some hours later when the fresh glory of a summer's morn-

ing was flooding the room he again awoke. The old nurse had left the room, and he was alone. For a few seconds Cuthbert lay looking dreamily before him; then he seemed to realize that he was in the library, and the strange subtle influence which that room had always exercised upon him began gradually to assert its power over him. Suddenly he thought he heard the faint musical tinkle of a bell. Then a strange picture rose up before his eyes. In the morning sunshine there seemed to float before him the image of an altar, and a priest offering sacrifice. He saw—and bewilderment seized his senses—plainly before him the Sacred Host uplifted in the hands of the priest as he had seen it, he faintly remembered, when a little child. He instinctively bowed his head in reverent awe, keeping his gaze upon the waxen lights—the flowers, the golden tabernacle, the open missal by its side, the glistening silk of the priest's chasuble, and the tiny white-clad figure of the serving boy as he knelt with bent head, and hand still grasping the silver bell. It seemed all so real. Cuthbert saw plainly what he had only seen, if ever, vaguely before. He tried to realize what it all meant; he wanted to seize it, and it seemed indeed to stamp itself indelibly upon his mind. All at once the image was gone; the sunlight fell in golden patches on the floor beneath the window, and nothing else was there! The young man raised himself with a wild and startled cry, which brought the terrified nurse suddenly to his side inquiring what had befallen him. "Where is the Squire?" he asked in accents that showed a deep emotion not unmixed with fear; "bring me Squire Thornton at once." The old woman hastened to obey and the Squire was summoned.

"My dear boy," he asked with cheerful anxiety as he entered the room, "how are you—and what can I do for you?"

"Squire Thornton, sit here for a moment," said Cuthbert, and then added with almost passionate entreaty: "Will you do me the favor and let me see a priest—do you understand—a Catholic priest. Please send for one at once!"

The Squire was amazed and for a moment did not know what to say. He looked doubtfully at Cuthbert's face, but the latter repeated without explanation and in a tone of agony which permitted no reasoning on the subject, that he wanted a priest of the

Roman Catholic faith. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to summon Fr. Bertram, who lived at a village a few miles away where there was the nearest Catholic church. Cuthbert seemed contented at once, although it was evident that he was laboring under a strong agitation which could be soothed only by the fulfilment of his wish. At length the priest arrived. A gentle grey-haired man with a kindly face. His long experience in the care of souls made it easy for him to understand the torrent of incoherent self-denunciation and passionate regret the young man poured forth. The youth, before making any explanation, simply relieved himself by a confession which was entirely spontaneous in its sincerity, even if not meant as a sacramental act. The confessor's heart rejoiced at the true penitence, although he hardly understood the sudden cause of the act. After a time he learned from the young man that, whilst he had always been strongly impressed with the room in which he now lay, there had come to him to-day one of those sudden intuitions which recalled to him the lessons of his childhood. He then related the vision which he had had this morning and which he could not fully explain to himself.

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," said the old priest. "It is many years since I have been here."

Cuthbert looked up in surprise. "Then you know the old manor-house?" he asked.

"I knew it well once," the priest answered. "Long ago before it passed into the hands of the Thorntons it belonged to an old Catholic family, and in those days, when I was very young, I often assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in this very room."

Cuthbert Lorrimer's white face flushed with excitement and pointing to the east window he cried out eagerly, "I knew it! the Altar was there!"

In the long earnest talk which followed, the old priest spoke much of the infinite mercy of God who had chosen this way of bringing back His erring child to Himself.

Cuthbert Lorrimer resolved that the rest of his life should be spent in God's service, and he kept his resolution. Before very long he entered the Church, and Father Cuthbert—or Father Cuthbert of the Blessed Sacrament, as he loved to be styled—

made it his special care to establish new missions in parts of England where the old faith was little known. His zeal for his work was wonderful, and as the years went by Cuthbert Lorrimer had the satisfaction of seeing established in England many a tabernacle before which, like a beacon light, shone the red glow of the Sanctuary Lamp.

M. KENT.

THE SAINT OF ASSISI AND M. SABATIER.

(*Second Article.*)¹

"THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION."

FEW works of recent years created such a stir in the critical world as the publication by M. Sabatier in 1898, of the *Speculum Perfectionis*, which the French writer claimed to be the most ancient of all the lives of St. Francis, a work written on the very morrow of the Saint's death by one who had known him the best of all—Brother Leo, the *pecorello di Dio*.²

Judging from the magniloquent talk about the "discovery" of a "new" life of St. Francis, which followed upon the publication of the *Speculum*, one might have been led to conclude that M. Sabatier had presented the world with a hitherto unknown and most ancient life of St. Francis,—a legend, in fact, older and purer than any of those which had been so long regarded as the first and most authentic sources of Franciscan literature. The truth is that the *Speculum Perfectionis* of M. Sabatier is, with the exception of five or six chapters, to be found in its entirety in a wonderful collection of *materia seraphica*, known as the *Speculum Vitae B. Francisci et Sociorum ejus*. The latter compilation, which was quarried largely from the *Actus B. Francisci et Sociorum ejus*,³ was published for the first time at Venice in 1504, and has been reprinted four times since. M. Sabatier, while searching for the missing parts of the "Legend of the Three Com-

¹ See DOLPHIN, July, pp. 33-43.

² "*Speculum Perfectionis seu S. Francisci Assisiensis Legenda Antiquissima, auctore Fratre Leone.*" Nunc primum edidit Paul Sabatier. (Librairie Fischbacher, Paris, France. 1898.)

³ See *Actus B. Francisci et Sociorum ejus*, ed. Sabatier, Paris, 1902, and *Floretum S. Francisci*, ed. Sabatier, Paris, 1902.

panions," that he believes to exist, found the *Speculum Perfectionis* in MS. number 1743 of the Mazarin Library. He simply made a transcript of this MS., collating it with other codices and with printed versions of the *Speculum Vitae*, and noted some of the more important *variantes*. M. Sabatier's *Speculum Perfectionis* is therefore taken in the main from the Mazarin codex No. 1743. All he did was to publish for the first time in separate form a work already well known to scholars in various codices, and which had previously formed part of another printed publication. To do M. Sabatier justice, it was not he, but rather his indiscreet and ill-informed admirers who heralded the *Speculum Perfectionis* as the "discovery" of a "new" life of St. Francis. In fact, M. Sabatier gives in his introduction to the *Speculum*, a complete list of the editions of the *Speculum Vitae*, in which the *Speculum Perfectionis* may be found embedded. But at least one English translator⁴ of M. Sabatier's *Speculum*, by omitting all the French writer's critical apparatus, somehow conveys the impression that M. Sabatier did really discover a hitherto unknown legend. Nothing is said to show that he is merely presenting his readers with a well known legend, to which he had merely attached a new theory of authorship. For, all that M. Sabatier professed to have discovered is the date and authorship of certain very familiar old matter. What he claimed was that the *Speculum Perfectionis* was written by Brother Leo, as early as 1227. Such a discovery would be of primary importance if true, but the majority of critics incline to a later date, and ascribe the *Speculum* not to one but to various writers.

Did space permit, a large mass of evidence might be adduced to prove that M. Sabatier's *Speculum* could not have been written by Brother Leo, or as early as 1227. It is true that the *Explicit* of the Mazarin MS. No. 1743, which M. Sabatier transcribed, gives May 11, 1228, as the date on which the *Speculum* was finished.⁵

⁴ Dr. Sebastian Evans—See *The Mirror of Perfection*, published by David Nutt, London, 1901. There are two other English translations of the *Speculum*, made respectively by Robert Steele, in the "Temple Classics" (Dent: London, 1903), and by the Countess de la Warr (Burns & Oates: London, 1902). The latter is enhanced by an Introduction from the pen of Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., and is altogether the most satisfactory English translation of the *Speculum*.

⁵ Or, according to our Calendar, May 11, 1227; for the date given in the MS. is that of the Pisan style.

But since this date is in conflict with the traditional *Incipit*,⁶ with much internal evidence, and with the Ognissanti codex,⁷ which gives 1318 as the real date for the completion of the *Speculum*, it is obvious that the date of 1228 is nothing more or less than the slip of a scribe. Moreover, a slip of this kind between V^o Idus Maij M^oCCXXVIII^o (Mazarin) and V^o Idus Maii M^oCCCC^oXVIII (Ognissanti) is most easily conceivable by anyone in the least familiar with ancient codices.

It is certain that this unacceptable date of 1228, placed at the end of the *Speculum* by the maladroit copyist, to whom we owe the MS. No. 1743 of the Mazarin Library, is one of the main causes of the conflict and confusion which have lately interrupted the course of Franciscan studies. Were it not for this unfortunate date, not a single scholar, least of all M. Sabatier, would ever have dreamt of claiming for the *Speculum* the antiquity of the twelves. After the discovery of the Ognissanti codex, M. Sabatier no longer urged the date he had at first assigned with so much emphasis, and declared the question to be one of "secondary importance."⁸

This admission is interesting, in view of the capital M. Sabatier sought to make out of the supposed antiquity of the *Speculum*. For, if he were only able to prove the *Speculum* to be really the *legenda antiquissima*, he would go far toward advancing his pet theory that the "First Life" of Celano is in the nature of an official reply to the *Speculum Perfectionis*. But up to date M. Sabatier has failed to oust Thomas of Celano from the position he has held all along as the earliest biographer of St. Francis. For the rest, as Fr. Van Ortroy remarks,⁹ it is not a little irritating to

⁶ Every known codex of the *Speculum* contains this *Incipit*. It is as follows: "*Istud opus compilatum est per modum legendae ex quibusdam antiquis quae in diversis locis scripserunt et scribi fecerunt socii B. Francisci.*" It is a work, with this statement by way of preface, that we are asked to believe was written by one man and finished May 11, 1227!

⁷ This codex, which dates from about 1370, is described by M. Sabatier in his edition of Bartholi's *Tractatus de Indulgentia* (Paris, 1900), p. cxxxv.

⁸ See his letter in the *Weekly Register*, London, 1900, p. 750.

⁹ "Franchement," writes the noted Bollandist (*Anal. Boll.*, 1903, t. XXII, p. 199), "il faut une certaine dose de bonne volonté pour soutenir encore après la découverte du MS. d'Ognissanti à Florence que la compilation traditionnelle du '*Speculum*' a été achevée en 1227."

hear the *Speculum* still described as the first and most authentic life of St. Francis, to find the original date of 1227 retained in new editions of the work, which is still roundly assigned to Brother Leo as sole author.

If we may accept the decision of those who have made the subject peculiarly their own, the *Speculum Perfectionis*, as M. Sabatier has given it to us, is a compilation, probably of the year 1318. A careful examination shows that it was not composed at the same time, or immediately after St. Francis' death; it is obviously the work of several hands. It is certainly based on the writings of the Companions of St. Francis, and especially on those of Brother Leo. That Leo wrote much is well known.¹⁰ That his writings were formerly held in great veneration and much used, is no less certain. But it would seem that these writings disappeared about the middle of the fourteenth century.¹¹ The fourteenth century was for Franciscan history a *saeculum compilationis*, and the writings of Brother Leo evidently passed into several of the compilations then in circulation, but as his name was omitted, it became impossible at a later date either to find or identify his writings. The *Speculum Perfectionis* having formed part of such a compilation, as we have already described,¹² may contain some chapters of which Brother Leo is the author; it certainly contains some chapters by the Companions of the Saint, of whom Leo was not the least. As for the remainder of the compilation, it is "either adapted from the Second Legend of Celano, or based on traditions which there is no reason to believe do not contain a considerable element of truth." To attempt therefore in the present state of our knowledge to say just how much of the *Speculum* may be the work of Brother Leo, would be to pass from the realms of criticism into those of pure conjecture.

Surely, then, as Mr. Montgomery Carmichael remarks, "it is time that scholars should shake off the tascination due to the brilliant ability with which a clever writer has presented a form-

¹⁰ For the testimony of Peter John Olivi, Angelus Clareno, and Ubertain of Casale on this point, see Lemmens' *Scripta Fratris Leonis*, *Doc. Ant. Franc.*, Pars I (1901) p. 75-79.

¹¹ See Lemmens' edition of the *Scripta Fratris Leonis*, preface, p. 6.

¹² A number of such Franciscan compilations exist in MSS., of which perhaps the best known is the Vatican MS. 4354.

less tardy *omnium gatherum* as the early homogeneous work of the Saint's confessor." "The *Speculum*," as the same competent critic predicts, "will have its uses and possibly even great uses when a proper endeavor has been made to ascertain by the light of scientific criticism how much of it is early and genuine, and how much late and legendary." Meanwhile "a complacent reception of its every page as the genuine and unadulterated work of Bro. Leo cannot advance—indeed has done much to retard—that true knowledge of St. Francis and his first disciples which is so eagerly being sought by all classes of men."¹³

But why, it may be asked, is M. Sabatier so eager to prove that "Leo set the true Francis in the *Speculum* over against the superhuman, but lifeless, narrative of the official biographer"?¹⁴

It would almost seem as if the traditional sources of Franciscan history were just a trifle too orthodox to please non-Catholics, who would fain make of St. Francis a sort of poetical dissenter, very charming in spite of his Catholicity. Disguise it as they may, these enthusiastic admirers of the *Poverello* are by no means at ease, as, perusing the ancient biographers of the Saint, they read of his repeated avowals of the Pope's supreme jurisdiction. Perhaps they are even scandalized at St. Francis' absolute insistence upon celibacy as a necessary condition to religious perfection. Does the *Speculum Perfectionis* afford any indication of how these uncongenial features of the Saint's life might be explained away? Who may say? But to those who can read between the lines of the *Speculum*, there seems to "be revealed in it an indefinable spirit of religious independence, a tendency to adhere to the Gospel maxims, irrespective of the voice of ecclesiastical authority, a strikingly liberal and far-reaching human element from which even the feminine influence is not excluded."¹⁵

Such, at least, is the impression which M. Sabatier's edition of the remarkable book leaves on the mind. True, this may obtain for the *Speculum* the stronger approval of Protestants, but it tends to depreciate its value in the eyes of Catholics. Not that the

¹³ See his letter in the *Athenæum*, London, March 26, 1904.

¹⁴ See his remarkable preface to Canon Rawnsley's English translation of the *Sacrum commercium* (London, Dent & Co., 1904) from which these words are quoted.

¹⁵ Fr. Laurence, O.F.M., in *Franciscan Monthly*, September, 1904, p. 263.

Speculum is without its uses. It is of value as revealing the human side of St. Francis, and M. Sabatier's publication of the text has been of great service to scholars. Most of the facts contained in the *Speculum* are, however, to be found in the "Second Life" by Celano. It cannot in any sense be regarded as a chief authority for the life of St. Francis. Indeed, in at least one place,¹⁶ the *Speculum* is convicted out of the mouth of St. Francis himself as being not only fantastic and erroneous, but obviously tainted with the fanaticism of the extreme *Spirituales*.¹⁷

Hence to quote once more the words of Mr. Carmichael,¹⁸ "it is never waste of time to call attention to the breakdown of the *Speculum* under a critical text, for it is the chief standby of a sentimental school that regards itself as eminently critical."

There are some who not only deny the genuineness or minimize the value of such new sources as the *Speculum*, but who think that there is no reason for subjecting the life of St. Francis to a fresh examination, as though Papini, Chalippe and Suyskenius had said the last word on the subject. Others again rather resent the scientific treatment of hagiography as an unwelcome innovation; they would fain leave the traditions that have come down to us severely alone. But after all is this position a prudent one? To say the least, it is out of touch with the temper of our times which tends toward the reconstruction of history on the basis of a most rigorous criticism. The present keen desire for more accurate knowledge of St. Francis which leads men of such different habits of mind to devote their time and talents to seeking out and gathering up with loving anxious care the least detail which bears upon early Franciscan history, is a striking manifestation of this tendency. Happily for those interested in the subject, the lives of few saints are so well *documenté* as that of St. Francis: withal, everyone even slightly conversant with early Franciscan history is but too well aware of the historical difficulties which

¹⁶ See Mr. Carmichael's letter to the *Athenæum*, already quoted.

¹⁷ All the writings of the "Spiritual" Friars have a polemic note, and exhale, so to speak, an unmistakable aroma of the battle smoke. Witness the works of these Friars edited with such marvellous erudition by Fr. Ehrle, S.J., in the *Archiv für Literatur- und Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters*, Vol. II (1886) and Vol. III (1887).

¹⁸ *Franciscan Monthly*, 1904, p. 313.

some of its incidents present. It is not always easy, for example, to say just where legend leaves off and where history begins ; not indeed that this ought to surprise us, for if history has a natural tendency to transform itself into legend in the case of kings and emperors, how much more must this tendency be marked when the hero is a popular idol like St. Francis.¹⁹ This being so, "every new revelation of St. Francis" must, as the *Edinburgh Review* puts it, "be a precious gain."²⁰ Far from representing therefore a thoroughly critical investigation of the primitive sources of Franciscan history we ought to welcome every earnest effort, from whatever source it may proceed, which may tend to throw any new light upon the life of St. Francis. In other words, the present movement of Franciscan research among non-Catholics is deserving of all encouragement, provided of course that it be conducted in accordance with those rules which the experience of ages has formulated for the guidance of students of history generally, whilst at the same time due heed be given to those special rules dependent on the *differentia* of Franciscan as distinguished from other history. Now among such general rules there is one which requires that historic documents be read and transcribed *uti jacent*,—as they lie. What, then, are we to think of the equipment and intellectual attitude of a historian of St. Francis, who, whilst addressing himself to his task, starts out by proclaiming that "to write history we must think it and to think it is to transform it," and follows up this assertion with another hardly less startling—to wit, that "objective history is a Utopia."²¹

Released by these premises in the name of science from every restraint which documents impose, and from any difficulties which supernatural events may present, what wonder if M. Sabatier having "reflected" on St. Francis, has "transformed him" into a character not to be found in any of the historians of the thirteenth century. Here we are not concerned with M. Sabatier's *Vie de*

¹⁹ See *De l'évolution des Légendes*, by Paul Sabatier, in the *Bullettino critico*, Jan., 1905.

²⁰ See an excellent article on "Franciscan Literature" in the number for January, 1904, pp. 145-168.

²¹ Sabatier, *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* : Introduction, pp. xxxi-xxxii. We are quoting from the English translation by Louise Seymour Houghton. (New York : Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.)

*S. François*²² except in so far as it is an attempt to transform the sources of Franciscan history. Suffice it to say that he who would portray for us the real St. Francis "in his habit as he lived," must perforce record the supernatural facts of the Saint's life as found in the original and only authoritative sources of information,—the early Legends (in the original sense of the word). Of course we cannot expect those whose minds have become attuned, so to say, to the cold, soulless doctrines of Renan and Harnack to appreciate the full significance of such facts, but withal, a biography of St. Francis in which these facts are eliminated or explained away *a priori*, on the grounds that "miracles are immoral,"²³ or any similar plea, such a work, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be a biography in so far as it ceases to represent the original. So true is this that the small penny *Life of St. Francis* published by the Catholic Truth Society gives a far truer view of the *Poverello* than all the more pretentious, latter-day biographies which seek to substitute the man for the Saint.

We would not wish to unduly disparage the work of M. Sabatier, but we fear that his "interest" in St. Francis has been too kindly appreciated in some quarters. There is no gainsaying the French critic's erudition: his industry deserves all praise. His limpid literary style is hardly less seductive than the grace with which he makes presents of his works to those who have controverted them. But, when the charge against M. Sabatier is that he has given us a portrait of an unreal St. Francis, it is hardly *ad rem* to plead that he has done so learnedly or attractively or even politely. For the rest, the exaggerated praise which his writings have received from the crowd of half-informed people who always gather in the train of a brilliant and original writer, might lead one to suppose that the world had been left in ignorance about St. Francis until M. Sabatier entered the field of *Franciscalia*, or that the French critic had finally succeeded in rescuing St. Francis from the "darkness of monkish legend and the mist of Church

²² M. Sabatier's *Vie de S. François* was placed on the Index of Prohibited Books by a decree of June 8, 1894.

²³ See Sabatier, *l. c.*, p. 433, and Knox Little, *St. Francis of Assisi*, Appendix p. 318.

chronicles,"²⁴—as though all our previous knowledge of the Saint had been derived from doubtful or tainted sources, or as though the sons of St. Francis had let the precious inheritance of Franciscan literature slip from them. It is high time that Catholics should realize the true nature and extent of M. Sabatier's contribution toward making St. Francis "better known." If then it comes to pass that to-day no longer the Franciscan Order only, nor even the Church itself, but the whole world, is absorbed in the life and work of St. Francis, we owe this remarkable fact largely, if not mainly, to the painstaking studies of M. Sabatier, and to the enthusiasm and energy with which he has followed them up. In so far therefore as M. Sabatier has been the means of popularizing St. Francis with a large and influential section of society which had heretofore, perhaps, not known the Saint, even by name, and which moreover would not have listened to a Catholic, much less to a Franciscan,—in so far M. Sabatier has given an immense stimulus to the present widespread interest in matters Franciscan. Moreover, by opening up the half-hidden treasures of Franciscan literature to the general public he has conferred upon the reading world the freedom of no small city. This is admitted by all,²⁵ and it is a service for which we owe him a debt of gratitude. But M. Sabatier cannot for this reason alone be considered the greatest authority on all matters concerning St. Francis, much less as the only true and most fitting exponent of the Franciscan ideal or spirit.

There seems to be a prevalent notion that M. Sabatier has had the good fortune to discover some hitherto unknown documents relating to the life of St. Francis by the light of which we must needs revise our ideas of the *Poverello*. "It is to him precisely," writes the Rev. James Adderley,²⁶ "that we owe the very much truer conception of St. Francis and his work that we now possess, much truer than it was possible to have before his painstaking studies and *remarkable discoveries*." We have already borne testimony that his "painstaking studies" are deserving of

²⁴ As in fact Canon Rawnsley averred in his address delivered at the inauguration of the International Society of Franciscan Studies at Assisi in June, 1902.

²⁵ See for example the *Anal. Boll.*, t. XVIII, p. 176.

²⁶ *Francis: the Little Poor Man of Assisi*. London: Arnold, 1901. p. v.

all praise, although it would be interesting to know, by the way, how far he is indebted in the first instance to the severely critical studies which the learned Conventual Papini made long before him.²⁷ As to the "remarkable discoveries" made by M. Sabatier, suffice it to say that the French writer's reputation as a "discoverer" rests mainly upon the *Speculum Perfectionis*, of which enough has been said already. The name of "new documents" has recently been somewhat promiscuously bestowed in certain quarters upon some late works of doubtful authenticity, but up to date nothing has been added to the life of St. Francis substantially different from what has always been known to the patient few whose lives were devoted to the study of Franciscan history.²⁸ As a result of the strenuous research work of the last few years, certain details and incidents of early Franciscan history have been brought into special prominence; many interesting questions have been raised as to the origin and value of the different legends, and the traditional views on these questions have been somewhat rudely challenged. But, as is often the case in such matters, though each one abounds in arguments to support his own thesis, when it comes to answering the objections put forward by his opponents there is a marked tendency to fall back on every manner of conjecture with the result that all things are left very much as they were before. As far, then, as conclusions are concerned very little advance has been made.

With reference to the erroneous impression that it is only of comparatively late years the more ancient lives of St. Francis, proscribed by the decree of 1266, have been rediscovered, it suffices to note that the "First Life" by Celano was first published by the Bollandists in 1768,²⁹ and for a second time by the Conventual Stefano Rinaldi in 1806.³⁰ The latter work was reprinted by Canon Leopold Amoni in 1880.

The "Second Life" by Celano appears to have escaped the re-

²⁷ See *La Storia di S. Francesco d' Assisi: opera critica*, Foligno, 1825, by F. Nicolas Papini, former General of the Conventuals.

²⁸ See on this point *S. Francesco secondo Paolo Sabatier*, by Mgr. Faloci, (Foligno, 1902).

²⁹ After a MS. of the Cistercian Abbey of Longport; see *Acta S. S.*, tom. II, pp. 683-723.

³⁰ After a MS. of the Conventual Convent of Fallerone in the Marches.

searches of the Bollandists. It was first printed by Rinaldi in 1806, together with the *Legenda Prima*,³¹ and was reprinted by Amoni in 1880.³² The *Tractatus de Miraculis* was printed for the first time by Father Van Ortroy, S.J., in 1899.³³

The *Legend of the Three Companions* was likewise printed in the traditional form for the first time by the Bollandists in 1768;³⁴ for a second time by Rinaldi in 1831; for a third time by Amoni in 1880, and again by Mgr. Faloci at Foligno in 1898.³⁵ As for the *Speculum Perfectionis*, we have already seen that, save for some half dozen chapters, it was printed five or six times before M. Sabatier's critical edition of 1898 saw the light. With the exception then of the Treatise on Miracles by Celano, all the original and principal sources of Franciscan history have long been at the disposal of anybody desirous of studying them.

The activity therefore which has recently characterized the work of Franciscan research has resulted not so much in the dis-

³¹ St. Rinaldi: *Seraphici viri Francisci Assisiensis vitae duae, auctore B. Thoma de Celano, ejus discipulo*: Romae, 1806. This edition is very rare.

³² Amoni, in his reprint of the work of Rinaldi (*Vita Prima et Secunda S. Francisci auctore Thoma a Celano*: Romae, 1880), erroneously avers that Rinaldi published the *Vita II Cel.* from a codex of the Conventuals at Fallerone, afterwards lost. But Rinaldi himself states (edit. cit., p. iii) that the MS. of Fallerone, stolen by brigands, was a copy of *I Cel.*

³³ *Anal. Boll.*, t. XVIII, pp. 113-176. It has recently been reprinted together with the text of the *Vita Prima* and *Secunda*: *The Lives and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi by Brother Thomas of Celano*. With a critical introduction by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, M.A. London: Dent and Co., 1904. Dr. Rosedale's work has, it seems, been treated with unmerited harshness by some critics. He deserves credit for having discovered three codices of the *Vita Prima* hitherto unknown to students. While one cannot but deplore the arbitrary tendency his work displays in the matter of classification and division, it is not without some value pending the long looked for publication of Fr. Edward d'Alençon's definite edition of Celano's Legends.

³⁴ After a MS. of the Franciscan Convent at Louvain. See *Acta S. S.*, t. II, Oct., pp. 723-742. The Bollandists, however, now regard the *Vita Secunda* of Celano as the real Legend of the Three Companions. See *Anal. Boll.*, t. XIX, 1900, pp. 119-197.

³⁵ *Sancti Francisci Legenda Trium Sociorum, ex cod. Fulg.* Edidit Michael Faloci Pulignani (Foligno, 1898). The Legend has been printed at least six times in Latin, three times in Italian, three times in French, and once in English. *The Legend of the Three Companions*, by Miss Gurney Salter (London: Dent and Co., 1902),—"a very unsatisfactory piece of work." See *London Saturday Review* Feb. 7, 1903.

covery of new documents as in the reproduction and translation of the early legends dealing with the life and times of St. Francis, and in the production of original studies bearing on the same. To further this work M. Sabatier has instituted two series of publications, the *Collection d'Études et Documents sur l'Histoire Religieuse et Littéraire du Moyen Âge*³⁶ and the *Opuscles de Critique Historique*.³⁷ In 1902 the French critic was instrumental in founding at Assisi an organization known as the International Society of Franciscan studies. The aim of this Society, as set forth in its prospectus,³⁸ is the critical and scientific investigation of the history of St. Francis and the cultivation and spread of Franciscan literature with a view to giving the world a truer and fuller knowledge than hitherto of the Saint and his work. Thus stated, the purposes of the Society are admirable enough, but it is to be feared that some of its most prominent members are not influenced wholly by historical considerations in their "studies," but rather to a greater or less degree by theological, or want of theological, prepossessions. A certain bias has therefore to be reckoned with in their literary productions. Regarding as they do the Franciscan movement from an extrinsic and purely specula-

³⁶ In the *Collection d'Études* (Paris: Fischbacher) the following works have already appeared: Vol. I (1898) *Speculum Perfectionis, auctore Fratre Leone nunc primum edidit Paul Sabatier*; Vol. II (1900), *Tractus Francisci Barthol de Assisio, Tractatus de Indulgentia S. Mariae de Portiuncula*, also edited by Sabatier; Vol. III (1900), *Frère Elie de Cortone*, a biographical study by Dr. Ed. Lempp; Vol. IV (1902), *Actus B. Francisci et Sociorum ejus*, edited by Sabatier; Vol. V (1904), *Sancti Antonii de Padua Vitae duae*, edited by Léon de Kerval. Forthcoming numbers will contain Angelo de Clareno's *Chronicle of the Tribulations*, edited by Felice Tocco, the *Declaratio Regulae Minorum*, also by Clareno, edited by Fr. Van Ortro, S.J., *The Chronicles of Thomas of Eccleston and Jordan of Giano*, which relate the origin of the Franciscan Order in England and Germany to be edited respectively by Prof. A. G. Little and H. H. Boehmer, besides a critical edition of the *Fioretti* by M. Sabatier.

³⁷ The *Opuscles* (Paris: Fischbacher) series so far includes: *The Regula Antiqua FF. et SS. de Poenitentia* (fasc. I, 1901); *Nouveaux Travaux sur les Documents Franciscains*, (fasc. VII, 1903); *Examen de Quelques Travaux sur les Opuscles de Saint François*, (fasc. X, 1904), all by Sabatier; *Les Règles et le Gouvernement et l'Ordo de Poenitentia au XIII siècle*, by Fr. Mandonnet, O. P., (fasc. IV, 1902), an interesting study on the Breviary of St. Clare, still preserved at Assisi (fasc. VIII, 1903), and other studies of lesser moment.

³⁸ Published at Assisi, 1902, by the Tipografia Metastasio.

tive point of view, they are particularly attracted by its more rigorous features, and so their sympathies go out to the *Spirituales*. It is obvious that those who regard the latter as representing the true spirit of St. Francis are seriously mistaken; excessive rigor is as foreign to his spirit as excessive mildness. True virtue avoids both extremes. There is, moreover, something amusing, yet at the same time a trifle irritating, in the attitude of these academic critics of the Rule and Spirit of St. Francis, in so far namely as they regard the Franciscan ideal and spirit as things of the past, and discuss them with melancholy interest, refusing to be consoled because Leo and Giles and Juniper have been called home. They forget that Franciscanism is a reasonable service; it is not a school of sentimentalism, as one might infer from the productions of some of the members of the International Society of Franciscan Studies. But, what is more serious, there is a marked tendency in the writings of such persons to study St. Francis only as a poet and a social reformer and not at all as a saint, except in so far as he is canonized "by the emotions of humanity." Again, although it is not claimed that St. Francis was a Protestant, yet a false impression is somehow conveyed as to the orthodoxy of his Catholicity, as though it were tinged with Buddhism³⁹ or Joachimism⁴⁰ or with the Waldensian⁴¹ heresy or even with Pantheism.⁴² Nor must we forget the efforts to link St. Francis' methods with those of the Quakers⁴³ and the Salvation Army.⁴⁴ In general there is a disposition to close the eyes to that aspect of St. Francis' life and character which is the explanation of all the rest,—the supernatural side; and thus it comes to pass that they also linger with delight over the legends of the

³⁹ Thode and Keunen compare St. Francis and Buddha.

⁴⁰ M. Renan in his *Nouvelles Études* (Paris, 1884) describes the Abbot Joachim as the spiritual precursor of St. Francis.

⁴¹ Speaking of "the analogy between St. Francis and the Waldenses" M. Sabatier (*l. c.*, p. 46) declares that "they entered into his being," etc.

⁴² Miss Macdonell in her *Sons of Francis*, calls St. Francis a "true Pantheist, however good a Catholic" (p. 16), and speaks of his being "made one with the Universal" on La Verna.

⁴³ *St. Francis*, etc., A Study from the Quaker Standpoint. By T. E. Harvey (London, 1904).

⁴⁴ *Brother Francis, or Less than the Least*. By Staff-Capt. Douglas in the "Red Hot Library" (London, 1897).

Fioretti, pass by the history of the Portiuncula.⁴⁵ There are some indeed who would fain misrepresent the drift of St. Francis' teaching even at the expence of historic truth.⁴⁶ Others are content to depict him as dwelling "at a height where dogma ceases to exist."⁴⁷

It is this apparent anxiety to read a gospel of their own into the beginnings of Franciscan history⁴⁸ that spoils so much of what would otherwise be excellent critical work and which raises more than a probable doubt as to the objective value of many of the original studies produced by non-Catholics and of the reprints and translations of the old legends issued under their auspices.

Contemporaneously with all this non-Catholic activity Catholic scholars have not remained inactive. On the contrary. In special periodicals⁴⁹ and publications⁵⁰ such men as Mgr. Faloci-Pulignani

⁴⁵ For example, Miss Gurney Salter in her translation of the *Leg. III Soc.* (London: Dent and Co., 1902), thinks it necessary to apologize for so enlightened a person as St. Francis asking for a new Plenary Indulgence. (See Epilogue, p. 135.)

⁴⁶ Professor Bertolini publicly reading the *Cantico del Sole* omitted the line which acknowledges St. Francis' belief in eternal punishment and added to the Franciscan Rule a clause breathing defiance of Papal interference. (See London *Saturday Review*, Nov. 29, 1902.)

⁴⁷ So Professor Little. See his article on "The Sources of the History of St. Francis of Assisi," in the *Engl. Hist. Review* for October, 1902, p. 647. He is following Renan, who wrote: "À un certain degré de Sainteté il n'y a pas d' hérésie possible; car, à une certaine hauteur, le dogme n'existe plus, il n'y a plus lieu à dispute." (*Nouvelles Études*, p. 342.)

⁴⁸ For a trenchant refutation of M. Sabatier's attempt to read a gospel of his own into the *Sacrum commercium* see the London *Saturday Review*, June 18, July 23, and August 27, 1904.

⁴⁹ See for example the *Études Franciscaines*, a monthly review edited by the Capuchins at Namur, Belgium, and of which the thirteenth volume is now appearing.

⁵⁰ In 1885, the Franciscan Fathers of Quaracchi began the publication of the *Anilecta Franciscana*, of which four volumes have already appeared. Vol. I (1885) contains the text of the Chronicles of Jordan of Giano and of Thomas of Eccleston relating the coming of the Friars to Germany and England; Vol. II (1887) contains the chronicle of Nicholas Glassberger; Vol. III (1897) contains besides the text of the famous *Chronicon XXIV Generalium* and the *Liber de Laudibus* of Bernard of Besse, written about 1280, a number of lesser documents and a fund of invaluable data as to the biographies of St. Francis; Vol. IV will contain the *Liber Conformitatum* of Bartholomew of Pisa, a remarkable work condemned by many critics with most unmerited severity. The *Bibliotheca Franciscana Ascetica Medii Aevi*, also issued at Quaracchi, comprises among other works the *Opuscula B. P. Francisci* (tom. I, 1904), a critical edition of St. Francis' writings and the *Dicta B. Aegidii* (tom. III, 1905) or "golden sayings" of ecstatic Giles, the third disciple of St. Francis. A critical English edition of the two latter works is now in course of preparation.

of Foligno,⁵¹ Father Leonard Lemmens, Annalist of the Friars Minor,⁵² Father Edward d'Alençon, Archivist of the Capuchins,⁵³ Father Mandonnet, O.P., of the University of Fribourg,⁵⁴ Father Van Ortroy,⁵⁵ and Ehrle,⁵⁶ S.J., Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.,⁵⁷ Don Salvatore Minocchi of Florence,⁵⁸ Mr. Montgomery

⁵¹ Mgr. Faloci began in 1886 the issue of the *Miscellanea Franciscana*, a periodical devoted to the scientific study of Franciscan history. A more recent but less conservative publication of similar aim is the *Bullettino critico di cose Franciscane* directed by Luigi Suttina, Florence, 1905.

⁵² See *Documenta antiqua Franciscana: edidit Fr. Leonardus Lemmens, O.F.M., Pars I, Scripta Fratris Leonis; Pars II, Speculum Perfectionis (Redactio I); Pars III Extractiones ex Legenda antiqua* (Quaracchi, 1901-1902), also *Dialogus de vitis Sanctorum Fratrum Minorum, B. Bernardini Aquilani Chronica and Fragmenta Minora* (Romae: Typis Sallustiana, 1902-1903). See also Lemmens' articles in the *Römische Quartalschrift*, especially t. XVI (1902) on the Origin of the Poor Clares, etc.

⁵³ See his scholarly edition of the *Sacrum commercium B. Francisci cum Domina Paupertate* (Rome: Klembub, 1900), also *Legenda brevis S. Francisci (Spicilegium Franciscanum, Rome, 1900), Epistola S. Francisci ad Ministrum Generalem in sua forma authentica* (Rome, 1899), *Speculum Perfectionis: étude critique* (Paris, 1898); *Frère Jacqueline: recherches historiques* (Paris, 1899), etc.

⁵⁴ See *Les Origines de l'Ordo de Poenitentia* (Fribourg, 1898), and his contributions to the *Revue Thomiste* (1898), etc.

⁵⁵ The space devoted to his scholarly articles on Franciscan history in the *Analecta Bollandiana* assumes yearly larger proportions. (See *Indices* in tomes I-XX. Bruxelles apud editores, 1904.)

⁵⁶ Fr. Ehrle has edited the writings of the so-called "Spiritual" Friars in the *Archiv f. Litteratur- und Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters*, founded in 1885 by himself and the late Fr. Denifle, O.P. For the writings of Clareno, see Vol. I (1885), pp. 509-69; Vol. II (1886), pp. 108-64, 249-327; Vol. III (1887), pp. 553-623, and Vol. IV, pp. 1-190; for those of Ubertin of Casale see Vol. II, pp. 353-416; Vol. III, pp. 1-195; for those of Peter John Olivi, see Vol. III, pp. 409-552, etc. See also Ehrle's contributions to the *Zeitschrift f. Katholische Theologie*, Vols. VII and XII.

⁵⁷ See *The Friars and how they came to England* (St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder, 1903), also his chapter on "The Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty," contributed to Mr. Carmichael's edition of the *Lady Poverty*; his preface to the Countess de la Warr's translation of the *Speculum Perfectionis*, his article on "Franciscan Individualism" in the *Franciscan Annals*, May, 1904, etc.

⁵⁸ Reference has already been made to his *Nuovi Studi sulle Fonti biografiche di San Francesco d'Assisi* (Florence, 1900), but as this work is now out of print in book form, see Vols. XXIV and XXVI of the *Archivio Storico Italiano* (Florence). See also his *Le Mistiche Nozze di San Francesco e Madonna Povertà* (Florence, 1901) and *La Leggenda Antica: anuova fonte biografica de S. Franc. d'Assisi*. (Florence, 1905.)

Carmichael,⁵⁹ have contributed not a little toward advancing and shaping the present momentous movement of Franciscan study and research. But although the harvest already reaped is so rich, as these gleanings show, so wide is the field that a great deal still remains to be done. The Life of St. Clare, for example, has hardly been more than touched on so far, yet how fair is that life, how full of interest and of promise.⁶⁰ For the rest, who can say how many precious MSS. there may be awaiting "discovery" among the public libraries of Italy, half hidden as it were amid the mass of uncatalogued spoils long ago pillaged from the Franciscan convents of Umbria, the Marches, and Tuscany?⁶¹ It is to be hoped that the catalogues of Franciscan MSS. like that lately published by Professor Little⁶² may bring to light some of these hidden treasures.

To conclude, it is as yet too early to foresee the ultimate results of the present movement. But in the long run it must needs prove advantageous to the Church. On the one hand St. Francis has surely nothing to fear from the most searching investigation, and on the other Protestants cannot drink too deeply at the fountains of Franciscan literature—and doctrine. As to the general results already accomplished by the present movement, the keen desire for more accurate knowledge of St. Francis has at least been a means of opening up to closer study the history of the thirteenth century, a period too little known even to Catholics, and one which Matthew Arnold rightly declared to be the most interesting in the history of Christianity after its primitive age. This in itself is no small benefit. For, by familiarizing themselves with the *ensemble* of that splendid drama in

⁵⁹ See *The Lady Poverty*, a Thirteenth Century Allegory, translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael (New York: Tennant & Ward, 1902), also his study on "The Benediction of St. Francis," and his articles on Franciscan History in the *Month*, the *Ecclesiastical Record*, *Franciscan Monthly*, etc.

⁶⁰ See "The Princess of Poverty," by Fr. Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap., 1900.

⁶¹ In the back of a MS. of Thomas of Eccleston's *De Adventu Minorum in Angliam* Professor Little found a version of the long lost chronicle of Peregrinus of Bononia which had for years been sought for in vain by Franciscan students. The present writer takes this occasion of thanking Professor Little for his courtesy in communicating to him the contents of this chronicle several months in advance of its publication.

⁶² *Initia Operum Latinorum quae saeculis XIII, XIV, XV attribuuntur* (Manchester University Press, 1904).

which St. Francis was the central figure, men will be led to the discovery that what has been misnamed the Dark Ages was in truth an age of abounding faith and poetic mysticism.

If the present movement led to nothing more lasting than a better knowledge of the thirteenth century, the world would be all the better for it. But there are still further reasons why the activity displayed by non-Catholics in favor of Franciscan study is to be welcomed and encouraged. In studying the life of one in whom we have rightly learned to trace the spiritual history of his age, our separated brethren are brought within the influence of a Catholic atmosphere of thought. Spite of themselves, the majority of those who study the life of St. Francis will come to have a better knowledge of Catholic ways, and this better knowledge, even though it may not bring about conversions, must needs at least dispel prejudice. It is true that the present revival of interest in St. Francis' life and work is for the most part intellectual and theoretical, and those who find the study of the beginnings of Franciscanism so absorbing and enchanting may not after all be inclined to walk more closely in the footsteps of S. Francis. But there are few who can give themselves over seriously to the study of St. Francis' life without being thereby bettered and strengthened in ideal and purpose; and after all who can say how many may be led by such study to follow under wholly different conditions in the main and deepest things the example of him who, "saintlier than any among saints, among sinners was as one of themselves?"⁶³ For it is hard to believe that men's minds can be constantly turned upon the study of St. Francis without being in some measure affected by his spirit. That spirit also pervades the old Legends and makes them a permanent source of inspiration. Nowhere can there be found a more childlike faith, a livelier sense of the supernatural, a simpler literalness in the following of Christ than in these old Franciscan Legends which with their devotional perfume cluster about the Saint's life like the little flowers which spring up around the fir trees of La Verna. To say, as was said at the outset, that these legends are still fragrant with the fragrance of the Franciscan springtide is only another way of

⁶³ "Fra santi il puo santo, e tra i peccatori quasi uno di loro." *Vita I Cel.*, Cap XXIX.

saying that there is a light and a perfume about them which are not of this world. By that light we see the eternal shore more clearly; by that perfume we lose more and more of our relish for earthly things. And it is just for this reason and apart from all historical considerations that these old Legends, are, for *their own sake*, well worth all the careful study that scholars are now beginning to give to them, the more so at a time when the literature of the spirit is none too voluminous. The constant reading of such literature as the old Franciscan classics must needs create an atmosphere and exclude worldliness without trouble, and so make way for the entrance of that exquisite Franciscan spirit, as it is called, that spirit at once so simple, so tender, so devout, so humble, and so chaste, which is the very perfume of religion, and which might, in the Providence of God, go so far toward hastening the "restoration of all things in Christ" which our Holy Father has so much at heart.

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THE PLACE OF THE GREGORIAN CHANT IN SACRED MUSIC.

THE restoration of the Gregorian Chant is an event of the profoundest significance. It does not mean simply that the Church, with wise tenacity of aim, is clinging to one of her most precious institutions and handing it over to posterity to exert a tremendous influence upon the religious composers of the future. It means more than this. Attended as it is by a revival of classic polyphony, it signifies, one might say, the dawn of a new era. The thirteen hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Gregory has been marked by a renaissance of sacred music such as has never before been witnessed. The priceless heritage of the ages is now to be turned to some account.

The Gregorian Chant occupies historically and liturgically a place which is entirely its own. It has never had a real competitor, either in the Catholic Church or in any other body of Christians. Not only did the style of Palestrina owe its very existence to it, but it was likewise the *fons et origo* of the music of all the Protestant churches. It has certain archetypal qualities which every great

work of sacred music, of whatever school or period, must in some degree reproduce, or else fail to serve its purpose. The purity and universality of its style give it a vitality which is undiminished from one age to another, and which prevents it from ever seeming antiquated. It will repay us to consider the Gregorian Chant in some of its relations with the sacred music which grew directly out of it, and with that of modern times.

The rare qualities which make the Gregorian Chant so wonderfully adapted to its liturgical function, are difficult to describe. From a very early period some forms of intonation by the celebrant and of singing by the choir were felt to be necessary to give the liturgy due solemnity. With the publication by St. Gregory of his celebrated *Antiphonarium Romanum*, a highly developed system of music adapted to liturgical use came into existence. It was more perfect than anything that preceded it,—so perfect that it remained in essential character unchanged from the beginning of the seventh century to the twelfth and even later. It was distinguished by being intended, not so much to delight the ear as to provide an unobtrusive vehicle for the words of the service. Both in rhythm and in melody alike it was so subtly conformed to the natural speaking voice that it was perforce an elocutionary medium of great expressive power. Grave, simple, and expressive, and yet carefully subordinated to the liturgy which it served, it could not help being elevating and holy. It was not, however, primitive because of its simplicity, for it had a beauty of form evincing a high achievement of art, and its melodies in their number and variety provided the Church with a rich store to draw upon, of which it would never grow weary. It was founded, moreover, upon a tonal system much more interesting and characteristic than that of modern times. But these observations leave unnoticed its aspiration, its tenderness, its grief for the sorrows of this world, and its hope for the life of the world to come. It was the very voice of the liturgy, a voice that speaks as eloquently to men now as ten centuries ago. Its qualities were archetypal, in that they were the qualities essential to all profoundly religious music wedded to a liturgy. For this reason anyone desiring to learn what the fundamental requisites are for modern sacred music has only to study the character of the Gregorian Chant.

At first one might suppose that the difference between rhythmic and non-rhythmic music, between plain song and figurative music, is too great to be overcome by a fanciful assertion that the qualities of the Gregorian Chant are universal desiderata. The transition, however, from the Chant to the more deeply devotional music of later times is not so abrupt as might be supposed. Figurate music came into existence in consequence of a desire to enrich the Gregorian Chant by the addition of new parts. Part-writing slowly developed between the tenth and thirteenth centuries from a primitive, non-rhythmic harmony, which would perhaps be mistaken for discord by modern ears, into rhythmic counterpoint. But the Gregorian Chant was the foundation of this development, and the transition from plain song to polyphonic settings of Psalms and Responses did not result, immediately at least, in abandonment of the distinctive features of the earlier form of music. The old melodies of the Gregorian Chant were woven into polyphonic settings of the movements of the Mass, and the character of the Chant was lost only gradually. With the advancement of musical science, however, these compositions were destined to grow more complicated, until, in the century preceding Palestrina, they became artificial and pedantic. The severity and devotional spirit of plain song was exchanged for an ingenuity which developed into a great abuse, and rendered a reform of figured music necessary, if it was to be retained at all. This reform was brought about by Palestrina, who simply restored to sacred polyphony the severity, simplicity, and holiness of the Gregorian Chant itself.

That one of the purposes of the musical reform now in progress is to secure recognition for the Gregorian Chant as the model for all liturgical music, and therefore as exemplifying qualities which must be copied in all modern sacred music suited to the Church, is readily to be inferred from the Pope's *Motu proprio*. "The more closely a composition for church music approaches in its movement, inspiration, and savor to the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes," is the rule which has been laid down for all Roman Catholics to test the value of all sacred music. The fact that the greater proportion of modern music could not survive this test shows the prevalence of a secularism which is quite as baneful in its results as the extravagant abuses against

which Palestrina contended, and which, like them, is to be overcome only by returning to the qualities of the Gregorian Chant.

The test which the Holy Father provides, however, is universal, and applies to modern Protestant as well as Catholic music with a considerable degree of force. The best music of the Anglican Church has not imitated Palestrina, or Tallis, the English composer who stood for a similar ideal, but it has striven to approach the ancient plain song model in smoothness, dignity, freedom from voluptuous or theoretical effects, and lack of worldly association,—all of them characteristics of the Gregorian Chant. The Gregorian Chant also underlies the Lutheran *choral*, from which the modern Protestant hymn has developed, and the excellence of these modern hymns depends upon their affinity to ancient melodies in the pure, elevated qualities of the Chant. The best vocal and instrumental music of all the Protestant churches is marked by the smoothness and serenity of the Gregorian Chant and on the polyphony based upon it, although the wide prevalence of theatrical standards of taste and the indifference to tradition prevent this truth from receiving due recognition.

Because of its character of universality arising from ideal adaptation to liturgical use, the Church is not pursuing a narrow, exclusive policy in reviving the Gregorian Chant in its original, undefiled purity. The reform is rather in harmony with that spirit of catholicity which is one of the most cherished traditions of the Church. The purpose of the Church in this musical reform is in the highest sense catholic, in that it is dominated by the wish to banish nothing from the service that belongs there, and to receive into the Church all that is truly and unvaryingly good. The programme which has been defined in the *Motu proprio* is thoroughly broad-minded, and is as heartily to be commended from the musical as from the ecclesiastical point of view. No regulation has been made which can be considered by a fair critic disparaging to the interests of modern sacred music. The Holy Father has said that the qualities of sanctity and goodness of form, which are characteristic of the liturgy, are to be found in the highest degree in the Gregorian Chant, and also in an excellent degree in the classic polyphony of Palestrina and other composers; but no rigid rule is laid down, for it is expressly declared that

modern music "too furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety, and gravity that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions." The attitude of the Holy See toward modern sacred music is thus thoroughly liberal, and it is in effect proposed that modern compositions shall be judged solely with respect to their liturgical merits, rather than in accordance with any stereotyped formula. Let no modern composer of sacred music complain that his art has been done an injury, when from so enlightened a programme as this it is certain to receive new stimulus and inspiration, and to enter upon a new lease of life.

On the part of some Catholic musicians there were some signs of a disposition to disparage the reinstatement of the Gregorian Chant before the action of the Church rendered the expression of such a feeling disrespectful to the Holy See. The fact is that the Chant has unfortunately not received its due in modern times. The late Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, professor of music at Oxford, once wrote that the loss of the church music of England stored in monasteries was not great, because "the old ecclesiastical music was naturally opposed to progressive development," etc., etc. A judgment of this kind, founded on ephemeral conventions varying from age to age, is unsound and needs to be supplanted by one which completely adopts the historical point of view. In the Middle Ages the development of music took place chiefly under ecclesiastical influences, whereas in modern times secular influences have predominated, and only a little reflection should convince anyone that we must detach ourselves from the secular point of view of our own period, to appreciate the grandeur of mediæval music.

It is a matter of history that it was almost wholly in consequence of the zeal, enthusiasm, and assiduity of the religious orders of the Middle Ages that music came into existence as an independent art. Notker Balbulus and his fellow monks of St. Gall in Switzerland were but one of many religious communities rendering substantial services to the advancement of music. To many of these venerable fathers we are indebted for sacred melodies of enduring beauty. No modern musician at all sensitive to the reproach of an unhistorical and uncritical attitude can afford to ignore or slight noble music which survives the immutable and final tests of liturgical fitness and spiritual worth.

It would therefore be unfair for any musician to maintain that the musical reform in progress truly implies recrudescence. It means progress. Values are adjusted on a sounder basis. The more devotional and conservative of modern Catholic composers are given material encouragement. A new school of sacred composition may spring into existence. Such a school may restore sacred music to the glory which it had in Palestrina's time.

The music of the Church had fallen on evil days, and it is now to be regenerated. Notwithstanding the fact that the fruits of the researches conducted at Ratisbon and Solesmes by learned antiquarians, the Gregorian Chant was permitted to decline, so that in many cases it was scarcely recognizable in comparison with the ancient tradition. As for Palestrina and the more illustrious of his successors of the classic polyphonic period, in many quarters they had grown to be mere names,—names that meant little or nothing. The change now brought about is a great blessing to the Church. A German musician of nearly a century ago, writing of Palestrina, Vittoria, Lotti, Durante, and other masters, says that though preceded by the best selections from Handel and Bach, their pieces "will never lose their charm." That charm, after a period of secularization which has relegated to obscurity much of the best music of the world, is now to be consecrated anew to the service of religion.

It is to be hoped that the persons in charge of the music of the various Catholic churches in this country will study with reverent enthusiasm the old music, polyphony as well as plain song, will cultivate a fine discernment by analysis of the best models, and will teach their singers how to understand and appreciate the greatest religious music ever written. That this result may be anticipated is not altogether uncertain. If the reform of sacred music is carried out with the technical skill and rare discrimination that are so much to be desired, its significance on the spiritual and devotional side will be very great. It will also be recognized as a broad-minded contribution to art and civilization, as well as a devout glorification of the liturgy affecting the innermost life of the Church.

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SCHOOL SUPERVISION—ITS NECESSITY, AIMS, AND METHODS.

THE term supervision as applied to our diocesan parochial schools may be taken in a variety of senses. There is first of all pastoral supervision. Every parochial school is an integral part of a definite parish. The funds required for the erection and equipment of the school building are obtained by the exertions of the pastor. The pupils of the school are the lambs of his flock. If there be in the diocese a number of religious teaching communities, even the choice of the particular one which shall have charge of his parish school is generally left, at least in the first instance, to the pastor. Where lay teachers are employed, the pastor selects them from year to year. Naturally therefore and by the very constitution of the parish and the parish school in this country, some supervision of the latter is required on the part of the pastor or his representative. The nature of this supervision, how far it should extend, and where the welfare of our schools suggests that it should end, we shall consider in their proper place.

Secondly, in every large parochial school there is or at least there should be a principal or superior, usually a religious, who may or may not have charge of a particular class. We shall say a word on the principal's duties when we come to speak of Methods of Supervision.

Thirdly, our schools are for the most part taught by religious of various communities. Usually several of these are found in a diocese, each in control of a number of schools. It is not uncommon for the superior to designate a member of the community as Inspector, whose occupation is to supervise the work in all the parish schools taught by the religious of that community. The value of this partial or community supervision, and the manner in which it should be coördinated and made a leading feature of our parish school system, will also receive due attention when we come to treat of the Methods of Supervision.

Finally, there exists in not a few dioceses a system of general supervision, whereby it is sought to supplement the work of pastoral inspection, and that of the principals and community inspectors, to organize and direct the parish school activities of the whole diocese. This system centres around a representative of

the Bishop and the School Board, a priest of the diocese, to whom is given the oversight of all the parish schools in matters that pertain to their general scholastic welfare. The main purpose of this paper is to inquire whether in our circumstances such general diocesan supervision is necessary; and, if it is, at what should it aim, and how should it be exercised.

I.—NECESSITY OF SUPERVISION.

We affirm that this general supervision is necessary, not absolutely indeed, as though the work of parish school education were impossible without it. Good schools, and doubtless many of them, existed in various dioceses before there was any general diocesan supervision; they can be found where there is at present no such system. We speak relatively, considering the science and art of teaching and all that pertains to the life and efficiency of the school, as progressive, as always susceptible of improvement. That the work of some schools has given a large measure of satisfaction independently of the supervision here advocated, is no proof that the limit of perfection has been reached; that better work would not have been done, and done more easily and securely, if the zeal of pastors and the skill and devotedness of teachers had been reënforced by the coöperation of one who has opportunities of observing the workings of many schools of all sorts, and the trial and practical success of ideas that perhaps never entered the minds of the pastors and teachers of these particular institutions. No teacher, no body of teachers, religious or lay, has a monopoly of the best educational thought; it is not always associated with fine buildings and large registration; parish pride, commendable though it may be in many respects, gives no assurance of its possession; the atmosphere of the large city is not essential to its growth. One will often find the soundest, the sanest, the safest, the best in educational life as in all other life, in comparative obscurity, its superiority unsuspected perhaps by its very possessor. Whatever and wherever it is, it ought to be brought out, made known. It might make an improvement in the ideas and methods of many a teacher, in the management of many a school. It should not be allowed to remain in obscurity or confined in its operations to one school or set of schools.

Real good things are not so common that we can afford to pass them by with a nod.

This argument for the necessity of general diocesan supervision can be urged with even greater force if we take into consideration the weaker schools in our diocesan system. We are Catholics. Our interest ought to be catholic, universal, extend to all our schools, small and large, struggling and prosperous, to those in the little villages and farming districts as well as to those in our large towns and cities. In fact the welfare of schools in smaller, struggling parishes, is often of far greater moment than that of the schools in populous Catholic centres. The faith of the people in such places is in need of stronger bulwarks; mixed marriages are proportionately more common; the children mingle more with non-Catholics; scrutiny of the Catholic school is more searching; the smallness of the grades and the poverty of the parish make it necessary as a rule for one teacher to attend to three, four, even five grades, and not infrequently less competent teachers are assigned to this difficult work. Can any one question for a moment the value to this class of schools, of association through a general supervisor and a general system of supervision, with those in more favorable circumstances? Shall we leave to their own slender resources, these poor, struggling Sisters who seldom have a chance to exchange ideas with their own, or with lay teachers of the local public schools? Shall we deny them the benefit of the sympathy, encouragement, advice of one who is well acquainted with the success and failures of others in their circumstances? Shall we allow them in their isolation to give way to the reflection: "Well, we are of very little account anyway"?

Then there are the children and their parents, who are only too apt to place the modest little school in damaging contrast with a fine public school, with its complete staff of teachers, free books, and every inducement to pupils. It often requires all the known motives of fear and love, the decrees of the Baltimore Council and diocesan synods, and threats of denial of the Sacraments, to bring children to the parochial school in such circumstances. How can the pastor's arm be strengthened? What will help convince these parents and children that their little school is really equal, per-

haps superior to the other, even though appearances are against it, give them a pride in it, and draw other children to it? The knowledge that their little school is part of a fine diocesan system; that it is just as important as any other; the sight of their statistics, their progress in school work, in the same column with those of the big city schools; the assurance given by the Superintendent himself that the boys and girls of that school are as good as any in the diocese;—yes, he may even succeed in leaving the impression that in all his travels he has met none so good in some respects; the understanding that they are following the same course of studies, taking the same examinations as thousands of other Catholic children whom they have never seen yet feel they are associated with,—in a word, the sense of fellowship in a grand union, the same sentiment in reality to which St. Paul appealed when he wrote to the Ephesians (2 : 19) : “*Jam non estis hospites et advenae, sed estis cives sanctorum et domestici Dei,*”—“Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God.” What will create this spirit; or, if it already exists in some degree, strengthen it, spread it, make it a large and important factor in the upbuilding of our schools? What, if not a system of general supervision?

This contention is strengthened when we consider the peculiar nature of the teaching element, the most important element in our schools, viz., the religious communities. As a rule, several are employed in the diocese, each with its own ideas of teaching, its own rules and customs, its own elements of strength and superiority in some respects, of weakness and inferiority in others. They are all full of a praiseworthy zeal to excel; and while rightly tenacious of their own methods, they are generally not unwilling to modify them or adopt others, if convinced of the latter's superiority. But while laboring in a common cause they are practically segregated from one another. They may occasionally visit a public school, or gain an idea of their workings from friendly Catholic public-school teachers. They scarcely ever see the inside of a school of another religious community, or exchange a thought with a Sister of a different habit on subjects in which both are so intimately interested. Is this state of affairs necessary?

Is it conducive to the advancement of our teaching communities? It may be, and undoubtedly it is, required by the nature of religious community life. It would be hard to prove that it is conducive to enlargement of ideas on a matter of so practical a nature as school teaching. How then shall we contrive to leave undisturbed the community spirit with all the benefits that it secures, and at the same time foster a healthy emulation between communities, make this variety that exists a source of strength not weakness, put each community in possession of the best to be found in the others, gradually but securely eradicate imperfections that must accompany isolation? We reply again, evidently by a system that will reach out and embrace all, a system that provides a means of intercommunication, an opportunity of comparing results, viz., general diocesan supervision.

Analogous to this reason is another arising from a condition commonly found in our large cities, viz., variety of nationalities. Many of our largest schools are composed of pupils who scarcely ever hear a word of English, at least of correct English, spoken at home. The teachers themselves, however well equipped in other respects, are sometimes far from proficient in reading, writing and speaking the English language and instructing their scholars in its proper use. It is necessary no doubt for the children of parents ignorant of the language of the country, to pay due attention to the tongue, and the national and religious customs of their forefathers. But it is beyond dispute that their future welfare demands at least a fair knowledge of the language, history, and spirit of America, where most of them will have to gain their livelihood side by side with those who have no knowledge of foreign tongues and little regard for distinct traces of foreign nationality.

The Church has assumed the responsibility of educating these children; their parents are as a rule most devoted adherents of our parochial schools. They are so eager in fact to have their offspring receive a Catholic education that all the attractions of the public schools are powerless to draw them from their allegiance to their parish schools, no matter how wretched and uninviting these may be. It is our duty therefore to respond to the confidence placed in us by this great and rapidly increasing body of Catholics,

who will soon be such a power in the Church and the nation ; to provide their children with all the advantages of a solid, useful secular training, while instructing them in the faith ; to leave them no grounds on which they might allege hereafter the insufficiency of their schooling to better their worldly condition, and enable them to reach a more comfortable sphere of life than that in which they were born. Their future devotion to the Church and to the parochial school will depend a great deal on the esteem they will cherish toward both for having adequately equipped them in youth for their life struggle.

We do not wish to imply that this class of schools and those in charge of them are not making efforts to come up to the standard set by the demands of the country, or that we should look for the same rapidity of progress in them as in others that are unhampered by their difficulties. We desire simply to emphasize the necessity in their case, in their environment, with their limitations, their immense numbers of children, their inherited methods, their foreign tongue, of contact with the forces that have made other Catholic schools successful. Isolation in their circumstances means fostering of narrowness, antique methods, lack of incentive, useless experiments, slow and discouraging advance. By what means can much of this be avoided ? How shall we bring these backward teachers and pupils in contact with all that is energizing and uplifting in our parish schools ? By extending to them the benefits of general diocesan supervision. There are some difficulties to be overcome in supervising this class of schools that are peculiar to them ; but they will be greatly minimized by prudence and kindly interest on the part of a Supervisor who is vested with proper authority, recognized as the representative of the Ordinary of the diocese, careful to show himself on all occasions conservative, inspired by a single motive, viz., the improvement of the schools committed to his charge,—who is ready to make himself, “ All things to all men.”

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL IDEA.

While thus tending to improve individual schools and classes of schools, a general diocesan supervision will give most powerful impetus to the growth in every diocese of what is termed the parochial school idea,—that is, a general persuasion especially

among our Catholic people of the necessity of the parish school, an understanding of the claims of the parish school, and the validity of those claims. The propagation of this idea depends principally, of course, upon the persistent efforts of individual pastors, the evidences of excellence that appear to our people in their own parish school. But no one can deny the power of argument in an accumulation of evidence. There is an abundance of it to support our claims, but it lies scattered in a hundred places, and its weight will remain unknown unless some agency interested in more than one parish school brings it together for the common good. That agency, it is plain, is no other than general diocesan supervision. Not only the reports of the Supervisor, but his very visits to the schools, bring home emphatically to the people the impressive fact of a well-cared-for system of Catholic primary instruction; for a visit to a school is a visit to the home of every wide-awake child in the school. It is known throughout the parish before nightfall that the superintendent has been around. What he said about "our school in particular and all the other Catholic schools, and the thousands of other Catholic boys and girls in the diocese," is reported graphically and faithfully at home. The pastor's exhortations from the pulpit thus receive sanction, his oft-repeated contention of the merits of his school is confirmed by the testimony of an impartial and trustworthy witness, the faith of many a doubting parent is strengthened, the grand idea of a Catholic parish school takes deeper root.

To conclude our first point, it does not seem a straining of argument to deduce from this last consideration the value of a general supervision to foster among our people that spirit of unity, or federation as it has come to be called, about whose benefits so much is said in these days. One of the most important of our common interests, viz., our school interests, is placed before the people more vividly, more completely, even though indirectly. The teachers and the children of parishes that would otherwise remain strangers are brought together, made acquainted with one another. St. Patrick's and St. Bridget's hear of the good work of St. Boniface's and St. Ludwig's, and all four realize that away out on the confines of the city St. Stanislaus Kostka's and

St. John Canty's are pressing them in friendly rivalry for the educational honors. Apart from the effect this must produce on the parents, it should be borne in mind that in another decade these boys and girls will be men and women. Unite them now and the amalgamation of Catholic interests is well started. Keep them apart on the plan of "every one for himself and God for us all," and we will have the anomaly of unity of faith with selfishness of interest, national differences and prejudices, uncatholic hostility unabated.

The necessity therefore of some system of general diocesan supervision to bring our schools to the highest possible degree of proficiency seems plain when we review the circumstances of our average diocese, of our stronger and our weaker classes of schools, the variety of our religious teaching communities and their separation from one another, the obstacles to the development of the school where the language of the country is imperfectly known, the power of a general plan of supervision to uphold the arms of the pastor, to foster the growth of the parish school idea, to unite the children of the diocese, and through union of the children promote union of Catholic spirit among our Catholic people.

II.—AIMS OF SUPERVISION.

We pass now to a consideration of the aims of diocesan supervision. In a general way we have already touched upon them. Supervision ought to aim at the highest possible development of all the parish schools in the diocese, in whatever pertains to religious and sound secular training. This general scope can be particularized by examining into the elements that compose the school,—that is to say, (1) the teachers, (2) the pupils and parents, (3) the pastors and the material edifices.

THE TEACHERS.

The principal aim of diocesan supervision should be the perfecting of our teachers. Upon them more than any other agency depends the efficiency of our schools, and our success in bringing the Catholic children of America within their walls. We may find many a good school without a fine building or elaborate equipment, with a very small registration of pupils. But we cannot

even conceive a good school without good teachers. While other causes help, it is the teacher that makes the school. Now if this assertion is true—and who will dispute it?—what a wealth of promise is held out to our parochial schools, what an incentive to all enlisted in the work of Catholic education, to labor earnestly and joyfully for its improvement! For we can say with perfect moderation that in the wide secular world there can be found no such material for the noblest and most efficient type of teachers as we possess in our religious teaching communities. God has placed no light burden upon His people in this country, to erect, equip, and sustain Catholic primary schools; but His Providence has supplied in the religious vocation the comfort and assistance that make the burden light, the choicest quality of material from which is formed the chief element of the good school, the teacher. And the supply is inexhaustible, for it is produced by the faith of our Catholic fathers and mothers; it is a manifestation of that essential, perennial mark of the Church of Christ, Holiness. The religious men and women teaching in our parish schools are the highest type of teachers, because they approach nearest to the Archetype, the Master who “came into the world to give testimony of the truth.” Where can you find such dignified demeanor, such grace and piety, such close union with God? Where such motives of disinterested zeal, such love for the poor, as animate them? Where such industry, that regards even a moment lost as irreparable, that finds in every good act a step to greater eternal glory, that has helped them in a few years to overcome all manner of obstacles? Where such docility, such obedience, which none can teach like him or her who knows how to obey? Where such singleness of purpose, such perfect seclusion from the cares and distractions of the world, which are the bane of earnest application? Where such laudable ambition to excel in everything commendable and make their schools models of proficiency? Where greater eagerness to learn what is best and safest in educational thought and put it to use? Nowhere! They are the heritage of Christ to His Church, to take the chief part in one of His greatest and most arduous works, the education of the young. They must be capable, they are capable of excelling all others.

Supervision therefore as far as it concerns our teachers should aim at developing these qualifications of nature and state. The office of Superintendent provides exceptional opportunities for this. He knows, and the teachers are persuaded that he knows, their powers, their difficulties, their success, their shortcomings, the exactions of religious life. In his visits then, in his letters private and public, at meetings, he can advise, stimulate, sympathize, prudently, kindly, firmly, opportunely. He can remove the cause of many a discouragement, explain many a misunderstanding. By his vigilance he can prevent the introduction of so-called fads that are condemned by the best sense of the day. He can do much to raise the standard of scholarship and teaching ability, use his influence to establish wise diocesan regulations in reference to gaining State or other creditable certificates, and by his prudence and firmness secure their general observance. As we have already stated, he can be the medium of communication between school and school, community and community, city and town, whereby good ideas and good methods will be brought to the knowledge of all. From Monday morning until Friday night, from September until June, and, if he wishes, all through vacation, he can find opportunities at every step, in every school, to make the yoke of our teachers sweet and their burden light, to make our schools the live, vigorous institutions we wish them to be, worthy of recognition by the State, ready to prove their right to its aid when the day of public enlightenment on the denominational school question dawns.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The aim of supervision as regards the pupils and their parents has also been touched upon when treating of the necessity of supervision. The Supervisor ought to spare no pains to combat the incredulity which unfortunately exists in some quarters concerning the ability of our teachers and our parish schools to give children a secular training at least equal to any they can obtain elsewhere. Means to accomplish this will vary in different localities. We might mention in the State of New York the Regents Examinations. While possessing some objectionable features these tests offer at least one great advantage to our parish schools, viz., a common ground upon which our pupils can meet those of

the public schools, and prove their ability to measure up to the public-school or State standard. It should be the aim of the Supervisor to make the most of this opportunity. By publishing the results of the Regents Examinations in detail, a stimulus is furnished to the pupils and a telling reply is given to the charge of inefficiency. In the diocese of Buffalo, and doubtless in other dioceses of the State, the improvement wrought in our parochial schools and their teachers during the past fifteen years by means of the State Regents Examinations is simply incalculable. After every examination and at the closing exercises of the year, the parents of the children, the friends and the enemies of our schools, are confronted, often and laudably from the pulpit, with evidences of capability in our teachers that are indisputable. There is no longer any ground for refusing to send the children to schools which, besides the advantages of a Catholic atmosphere with all that it signifies, provide instruction in purely secular studies that enable them to pass with the highest honors conferred by the State examiners. In other States a similar opportunity may be lacking, but the Superintendent may find other ways to bring to the attention of the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, the excellent quality of our school work. We must advertise in this age of advertising. We shall have to display our wares if we wish to draw customers. Our Saviour Himself commands, "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven," which latter clause may well signify in the present case, "and send their children to the Catholic schools."

It is unnecessary to speak of the wholesome effect which this grouping of results, this general display of the superior work done in the parish schools, has upon the children. They associate with the public-school children. They talk class, teachers, and examinations, and they ought to be supplied with ammunition enough to make as loud a noise as the others. Acquaint the children with the value and extent of their possessions; they will be proud of being pupils of the parish schools and become missionaries in behalf of them.

To illustrate this, here are some passages from a letter of a boy of twelve, one of a package received during the past year by the

writer, from an excellent school in a small city of Buffalo diocese. The lad had read in the little school paper some statistics intended of course for the edification of his elders, and he wrote: "Dear Father, I had no idea before I read the *Record* [that is the name of the paper] that there were 25,000 children in the parochial schools of the Buffalo diocese. I am glad that I am one of the number. I think the samples of Muscular Movement penmanship from St. Louis' School [reproduced in the paper] are a credit to them. I wish I could write as well. I certainly have tried, but I suppose I must try, try again." And he concludes, "I wish we had a Catholic High School too, but we must be thankful for what we have." And he signs his letter, "Gratefully John —." It should be the aim of the Supervisor to implant in the breasts of all our children, this little fellow's sentiments of pride in the Catholic schools, of gladness in being numbered among their pupils, of gratification at the evidences of superior work even in one not his own, of ambition to equal it, this longing for a Catholic High School and gratitude for the advantages he possesses. Create and foster a spirit like this, and what may we not expect from the next generation?

PASTORS AND SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

What should be the aim of the Supervisor in reference to the pastors? One word expresses it,—coöperation. Exception may sometimes be taken to the system of general supervision which we advocate, on the ground of interference by the Supervisor with the plans of the pastor, and an inevitable clashing. No such eventuality is necessary where there exist an understanding of each other's office, respect for each other's good intentions which are ultimately the same, viz., the honor and glory of God, a reasonable amount of prudence and patience. Surely these are not virtues essentially heroic, or uncommon in the priestly office. The pastor should recognize in the Supervisor a representative of episcopal authority, and the Supervisor must be clothed with that authority and sustained when he prudently exercises it, or his work will bear but little fruit, his life will be unhappy. But that authority is given, and the Supervisor should ever labor to make it appear that it is given, "unto edification." He should be a builder not a

destroyer, a help not an obstacle. As a rule he can carry his authority concealed in his pocket ; he need not flaunt it. He may sometimes have to use considerable suavity and discretion. Why should he not possess them ? He should not be concerned about parish regulations that have no bearing on his school work. He ought to make allowance even in that for exceptional local conditions. A pastor on the other hand should remember that the sacerdotal office does not *per se* qualify one to direct a school, organize classes, prescribe or forbid certain studies. He should never forget that while economy is necessary, the sort that takes children from the fifth grade and puts them in the third merely to fill up a room and give a teacher plenty to do, is ruinous to discipline and future progress. Care for religious instruction, discipline, attendance, sympathy with the teachers, interest in the workings of the school manifested by short and frequent visits,—these should be his aim ; and as for the rest, the technical school work, his policy should be non-interference. The teachers and the Supervisor ought to be allowed to attend to that. It is the experience of the writer that where this order is carefully observed, harmony prevails and progress is made ; where it is lacking, discontent on the part of the teachers and discreditable work are the result.

Finally, supervision should have for its aim the betterment of our parochial school buildings. Little need be said, however, about the duties of the Supervisor in this regard. The plan and construction of our schools are matters about which he is seldom consulted. One of the most disagreeable duties of his office is to direct the attention of authority to such abuses as overcrowding of rooms or other unsanitary and repelling conditions. What remedy the defect calls for, and when and how it should be applied, it is no part of this paper to discuss. But since we are taking a general view of supervision, we may be permitted to suggest, that if inspection of school buildings is necessary, the work of doing it and reporting findings to the Ordinary, would better be left to a special committee of prudent pastors, say members of the School Board. Their criticisms and recommendations in such a matter would carry greater weight, and a frequent cause of friction between pastors and Supervisor, that renders the latter obnoxious and

greatly weakens his influence for good in strictly scholastic work, would be removed.

III.—METHODS OF SUPERVISION.

Before proposing plans or methods of supervision it is well to call attention to the great variety of conditions prevailing in our dioceses; material conditions or financial resources, Catholic population and its distribution, geographical or territorial conditions, the supply of clergy for the work of the ministry, the actual and prospective state of the parochial schools, the number of distinct religious teaching communities, the proportion of diocesan schools taught by each. We are one in maintaining the necessity of Catholic primary or grammar schools, but the character of organization and the choice of measures that will best promote their development, must vary according to local or diocesan conditions. However, this wide diversity need not prevent us from striking an average and advocating plans of school organization that seem feasible to the majority, and applicable in the main if not in every detail.

COMMUNITY INSPECTORS.

The reasons we have adduced for the necessity of general supervision as well as the aims we proposed to it, suppose that it centres in one person, morally one at least, a priest of the diocese representing the Ordinary and the School Board; but thorough, systematic work requires, especially in dioceses where the teaching is entrusted to more than one religious community, subordinate or Community Inspectors, men or women of good judgment and practical experience in school work, enjoying the respect and confidence of their own teachers. The value of their assistance to the Supervisor can not be overestimated. They are well acquainted with the dispositions, the capabilities, the defects, the needs of teachers of their community, or they have opportunities of becoming so acquainted no priest can hope to possess. This qualifies them to give sound advice when to insist upon the observance of general regulations, when prudently to grant exemptions. The Inspector, not the superior of the community, not the school principal, above all not the pastor or assistant pastor, should be as a rule the channel of the Supervisor's special communications to

the teachers, particularly when there is a fault to be corrected, a remedy to be applied. By this means charity and peace are consulted, publicity and shame avoided. Very often through the Community Inspector, the Supervisor will come to a knowledge of difficulties and misunderstandings inevitable in school life, which he is able to remove or compose, and of which he might otherwise remain in ignorance, owing to the timidity of the teachers. In large dioceses where it is extremely difficult if not impossible for one man to inspect all the schools in one year, especially if he gives due attention to other important duties of his office or has parish cares, the Community Inspectors are indispensable. Through them, if he has their confidence, the Supervisor can be at all times in touch with the general features of the school work. Without their help he must remain in ignorance of many things until he gets an opportunity to visit all the schools.

He should have meetings at times of the Community Inspectors. Their experience, their limited number will conduce to more definite and practical results than can be gained from larger assemblages of teachers, although these likewise are valuable. Such meetings will serve also to preserve a good spirit of emulation between the various communities, and help the diffusion of sound ideas. In a word, we believe that the Community Inspector is the most important adjunct to the work of supervision. No community entrusted with the teaching of a fair number of schools should be without one, and even when the opening of new schools causes a dearth of good, available teachers, as sometimes happens, the general welfare requires that the Inspector be continued in his or her position, and if sacrifice must be made, that it be made elsewhere.

PRINCIPALS.

In a very large school a Principal is important, and by this we mean not the pastor, not the assistant pastor, but a Brother or Sister as the circumstances require, who shall give his or her attention chiefly to the oversight of school work. This may not always require freedom from particular class duties, but ample time should be available to visit the various classes and devise plans for general improvement. We can testify to cases of positively

wonderful progress in schools whose discipline and work had been far below the mark, once a sensible, energetic Principal took matters in hand. The value of Principals' meetings presided over by the Supervisor need only be mentioned.

VISITING.

An important part of supervision is the work of visiting and examining the schools. At the same time we should like to give emphasis here to the assertion that the Supervisor is not and should not be merely a school examiner. All that has been said to prove the necessity and outline the aims of supervision go to show that the scope of his work is much wider and more important than travelling from school to school, spending nearly all his time and energy examining. It is pretty generally conceded that modern education is examining and worrying our poor children to death. Who will compassionate them and refrain from adding to their many anxieties, if not a priest, who from childhood to the day on which he was clothed with the sacerdotal dignity, yes! to the day which marked his passage from the ranks of the junior clergy, had to undergo with heart-breaking regularity the torture of examinations? The general semi-annual examinations and those of the inspectors and principals, the frequent tests of their classes given by the teachers, provide all the formal examining necessary. The Supervisor in his visits can gain whatever information he needs, satisfy himself concerning the qualifications of the teachers, the progress of the pupils, the general status of the school, by something far less searching and laborious than an oral examination of all the children. His questioning therefore should be moderate. His methods should always be of an instructive and stimulating character. He should lay stress upon the fundamentals, even when visiting pupils of the higher grades, and never let pass an opportunity to impress their importance upon the children in the presence of the teachers.

It seems hardly necessary to warn against violent criticisms, strong denunciations. They mortify and discourage teachers who are invariably doing their best. Children report the incident at home, and thus carping parents are given an opportunity to slur our schools. If adverse criticism is called for, a word quietly and

kindly whispered to the teacher, who we may be sure is already grieved at the poor showing of her class, will go much farther to remedy defects. "Non in turbine Dominus"—"The Lord is not in the whirlwind." When the Supervisor goes on his way, he should leave behind him the sunshine of peace and happiness, higher hopes and aspirations. His own future labors will be sweetened not a little by the recollection of many a joyful face and many a sincerely uttered "Come again, Father."

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THE IRISH ORIGIN OF THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

ALTHOUGH quite a dozen authors have dealt with the subject of "Yankee Doodle"—its etymology, early history, and development as the national tune of America—not one of them has even hinted at the Irish origin of the "catchy" melody which was first heard in Albany one hundred and fifty years ago. Perhaps it is equally remarkable that the Irish origin of the "Constitution and the Guerrière," so popular in America in 1812, has not only been ignored but has been incorrectly claimed by Louis C. Elson as an adaptation of a "fine old *English* melody," whereas the tune was printed as Irish in 1775, and again in Brysson's *Curious Selection of Fifty Irish Airs*, in 1791. No apology is, therefore, needed for the present article in which I venture to vindicate Ireland's claim to a tune which, though "not a treasure of the highest value," as the Hon. Stephen Salisbury says, "is national property."

Dismissing as pure fiction the oft-repeated legends that would fain assign as Indian, Hungarian, Dutch, Persian, Lancastrian (Lancashire), or Norwegian origin to the silly words that were set to the melody, it may also be as well to dismiss the theory that Oliver Cromwell was the original "Yankee Doodle,"—an absurdity that is best proved from the occurrence of the word "Macaroni," a term that only came in about the year 1750. Not less apocryphal is the theory that the song was evolved from "a popular ballad in the time of King Charles II," apropos of Lucy

Locket and Kitty Fischer, a statement which can at once be disapproved by the fact that Lucy Locket was one of the *dramatis personae* in the *Beggars' Opera* (1728) and that Kitty Fischer was a reigning trash in 1750. But, most extraordinary of all, the tune has been claimed as a Dutch folk-tune, a claim which has been justly regarded as more or less of a hoax. In this case it is not a little remarkable that an old seventeenth century Irish melody, "I am asleep and don't waken me," appears in a Dutch music-book under the name of *Madhyn Bugeevan*, as if it were an ancient folk-tune of Holland!

It is now agreed that the name "Yankee" from being a cant word or a slang adjective to denominate the superlative degree, *e.g.*, a yankee team, a yankee horse, yankee rider, etc., expressive of excellence—and which term can be traced as far back as the year 1712—degenerated into a term of reproach or an antiphrastic phrase, meaning a simple, awkward person, and ultimately was applied in general to New Englanders.

And, just as the fabricators of a Roundhead or a Restoration origin for the words of "Yankee Doodle" have been completely exposed even from internal evidence, so also the origin of the melody as English can be disproved by an investigation of facts. The four claims for an English origin are: (1) an air from the opera of *Ulysses*, by J. C. Smith in 1733; (2) a march tune composed by a fife-major of the Grenadier Guards about the year 1750; a tune from an opera by Dr. Arne, the words commencing "Did little Dickey ever trick ye?" and (4) an original tune by Dr. Schuckburgh.

1. J. C. Smith is known to have composed an opera called *Ulysses* in 1733, but no copy of it has come down to our time. This Smith (the son of J. C. Schmidt) was a pupil of Thomas Roseingrave of Dublin, and was organist of the Foundling Hospital, London. Yet I feel pretty certain he never composed the tune, also that the error of ascribing an air from *Ulysses* as the source of the tune arose from a confusion of the designation *Ulysses* with a song of that name, the full title of which is: "The Return of Ulysses to Ithaca." The song of *Ulysses* commencing "I sing Ulysses and those chiefs," occurs in the *Musical Tour of Charles Dibdin*, published in 1788, at which date the melody

under the title of "Yankee Doodle" had been over thirty years in use. Thus the *Ulysses* legend must be relegated to the realms of fiction as far as the opera is concerned.

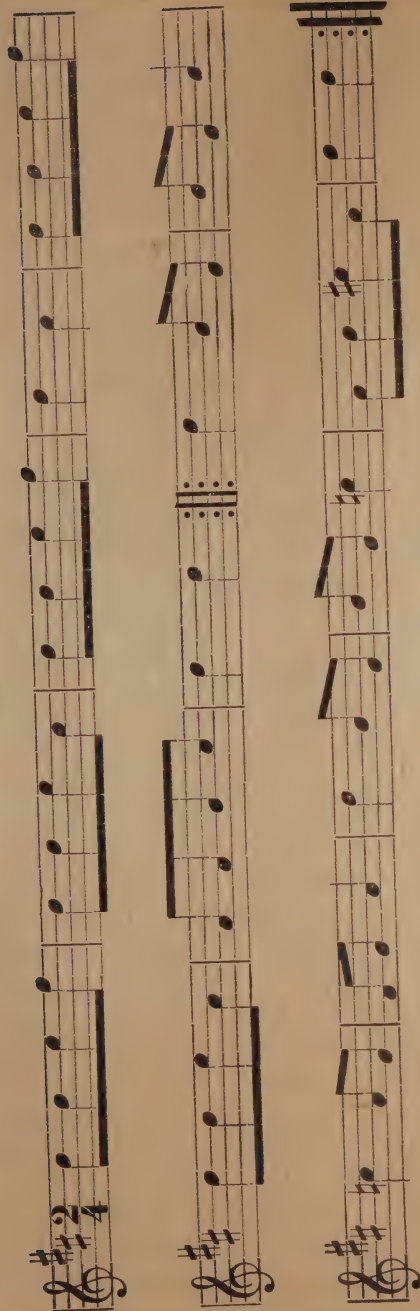
2. The only authority for the supposed authorship as ascribed to "a fife-major in the Grenadier Guards," is a second-hand statement by a writer in *All the Year Round*, for February, 1870. Of course it is not unlikely that the original Irish melody was adapted as a quick march by some military bandmaster in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, but the story of its having been composed by a fife-major of the Grenadier Guards—name and approximate date unknown—is too delightfully vague for further consideration.

3. The reference quoted by Admiral Preble in his *History of the Flag of the United States*, namely that the melody is to be found in an opera by Dr. Arne to the words "Did little Dickey ever trick ye?" is a mistake. Probably he imagined the rhythm to be somewhat similar, but the two tunes are decidedly different. However, the tune does occur in a comic opera *Two to One*, by Dr. Samuel Arnold, under the title of "Yankee Doodle." This opera was produced in 1784, and the exact score of it was published by Harrison & Co., 19 Paternoster Row, London, on July 5th of the same year. The song commences "Adzooks, Old Crusty, why so rusty," and it was sung to its own tune of "Yankee Doodle" by Mr. John Edwin, in the character of Dickey Ditto.

4. The ascription of the melody to Dr. Schuckburgh in 1755 cannot by any means be substantiated. At the same time the weight of evidence is in favor of his having adapted words to the original tune. In the summer of 1755 Dr. Richard Schuckburgh, who served as surgeon under General Amherst, wrote the words of "Yankee Doodle" as a satire on the awkward colonial contingents in motley uniform, which words being wedded to a catchy tune, at once became immensely popular. The word "Macaroni" pretty well fixes the date as 1755, and the regular troops sang it with vigor in derision of the American levées. An early notice of the air as played by the British Naval Band appears in the *New York Journal* of October 13, 1768, and a reporter of that day writes as follows:—"The British fleet was bro't to anchor near Castle William, in Boston Harbor, and the opinion of the visitors

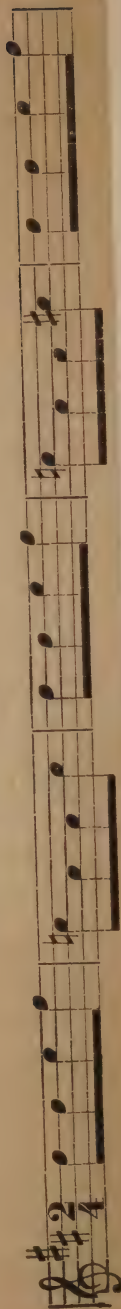
"YANKEE DOODLE."

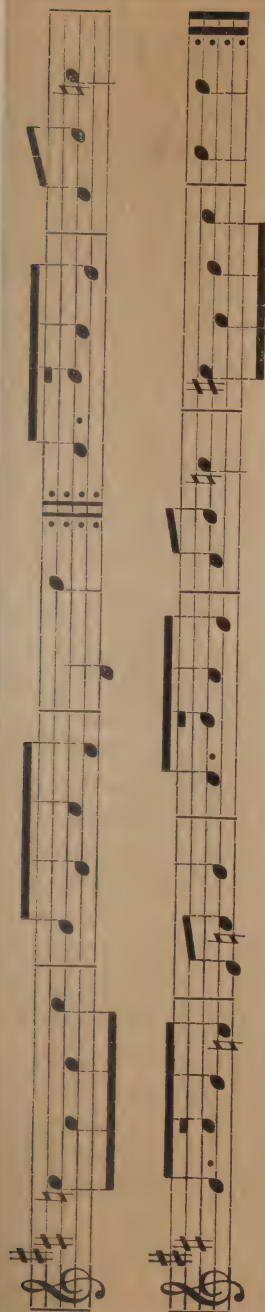
AIRD. 1782.



"ALL THE WAY TO GALWAY."

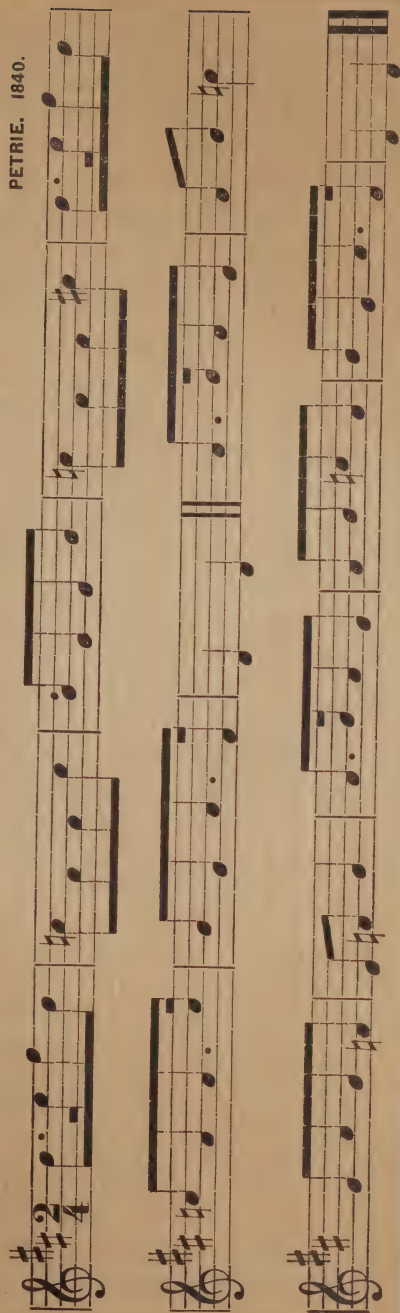
MS. 1750.





"ALL THE WAYS TO GALWAY."

PETRIE. 1840.



to the ships was that the *Yankee Doodle Song* was the capital piece in the band of their musicians." The author of the verses (Dr. Schuckburgh) died in August, 1773, little dreaming that in two years after his death the melody would have been appropriated by the American "rebels" and made the marching tune of the rising nation, being dubbed "The Lexington March." Strange too that on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1776, when an Irishman, General John O'Sullivan, forced Lord Howe to quit Boston, the countersign of that day was "St. Patrick," whilst the British troops embarked to the strains of another Irish tune, "St. Patrick's Day." And when the débacle came on October 19, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, with 8,000 men, was compelled to surrender at Yorktown, Virginia, the American band playing "Yankee Doodle" and "St. Patrick's Day" alternately for some hours, whilst the English military bands played an old Irish air called "The World Turned Upside Down," afterwards included in the *Spirit of the Nation*.

And now as to the Irish origin of the tune. The earliest printed version appears in a volume published at Glasgow in 1782. This volume is entitled: "A Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs. . . . Printed and Sold by James Aird," and is Vol. I, containing 200 tunes. Although not dated, it certainly appeared in 1782, and was followed by five other volumes. It is a very interesting collection, and I find it especially so as containing the earliest *printed* versions of quite a dozen Irish airs. We give on page 190 the melody as published by Aird, in 1782.

The very structure of this tune is seen to be decidedly Irish, and apart from any other argument intrinsic evidence should point to its Irish origin. Other airs of the same period, like "Ally Croker," "The Rakes of Mallow," "The Pretty Girl of Derby," have been claimed as English, though unquestionably Irish, and there is not a shadow of doubt as to the English annexation of numerous Irish airs of the Jacobite period. Even a recent collection includes "The Arethusa" and "Nancy Dawson" as "old English airs," in sublime disregard of their unquestionable Irish origin.

The above printed version by Aird in 1782, antedates the "Two to One" (1784) version by two years, and is much nearer

the Irish original, with the strongly marked *C* natural (the so-called "flat seventh") so characteristic of seventeenth century Irish tunes in *D* major. However the oldest form of the tune is also given here,¹ as it appears in a MS. dated 1750, the authenticity of which is beyond question. The manuscript was written at different times between the years 1749 and 1750, and the owner's name is given, dated December 1, 1750.

By way of illustrating the changes which a tune undergoes in seventy or eighty years, I think it is well to give the version as noted by Dr. Petrie in 1840; but, as will be seen, the changes are unimportant.

Thus "Yankee Doodle" can rightfully be claimed as a product of Ireland, and is an illustration of the vitality of Erin's folk-music. It is of interest to add that "Jefferson and Liberty," in 1801, was originally set to an Irish melody, but was afterwards, in 1813, adapted to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven,"—an air that is now inseparably associated with Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner."

In conclusion it may not be amiss to point out that President Roosevelt considers the melody of "Garryowen" as "one of the finest marching-tunes in the world." This Irish melody is of about the same date as "Yankee Doodle," though the song was not written to it until 1774 or 1775, and it was printed with the music, by Heine of Dublin, in 1797,—being subsequently utilized by Tom Moore in his "Irish Melodies."

WM. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

Enniscorthy, Ireland.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XXVII.—REJECTED.

A FEW evenings later the Yank got his opportunity, and seized upon it. He had called every night, but something always occurred to put aside his final declaration, and its result. Sometimes there was a strange visitor, whom the Yank regarded,

¹ See "All the Way to Galway" on the music sheet herewith.

of course, as an intruder. Sometimes Nora was at the church and would not return till rather late, and he had to while away the time by talking to Tessie in the shop and telling her of the strange land beyond the seas. She was an attentive listener and was eager for all manner of information about America, its citizens, its nationalities, races, institutions. Somehow the time used to pass quickly, and when Nora would return at half-past nine or ten o'clock he would tear out his great gold repeater with surprise and declare that he never suspected it could be so late.

But this evening Nora was at home, the girls were at a small party given in the neighborhood, and the Yank felt his time had come.

"I suppose, Ted," she said, as they sat in the miserable, stuffy parlor together, "you'll be going back soon?"

"I suppose so," he said, laconically.

"And you'll be going alone. You're not taking with you what everyone said you came for?"

"What was that?" he cried, suddenly interested. "The people know my business better than I know it myself."

"Perhaps," said Nora smiling, "you have a wife in America already, and you could not take back a second?"

"I might have had," he said, in a tone of sadness, "over and over again, but for one thing."

"And what was that?" she asked. "Surely you haven't been such a fool as to let the old fancy and fear pursue you across the water?"

"It did," he cried, "and I haven't got rid of it yet. I have brought it with me. But it wasn't that!"

They were both silent, looking at the fire. At last he said:

"Nora, do you remember that evening twenty-five years ago, when we parted, under the hawthorn?"

"I do, well," she said, without the least emotion.

"You offered yourself to me," he continued, "in spite of my folly. You offered to brave the world with me, and to break with parents and kith and kin forever to follow me an exile and under a horrid ban of ignominy and shame."

She continued looking steadily at the fire as if calling up the past.

"Well," he said, "I was fool enough to reject your love and—your protection, for such it would have been—then. If I make the offer now, will you reject me?"

He felt as if the fate of his life were hanging in the balance. Did he wish for a Yes, or a No? He could not tell. There were two pictures forever gliding before him, one forever obliterating the other, blending, fading, restored again, and ever again to be blotted out. Which should it be? Here, on the one hand, was an old love revived, the sense of honor, the memories of a quarter of a century, in which the picture of that faded woman before him rose sainted and beautiful to his fancy; there was the great pity for her present wretchedness, and the poverty of her children; there was the dream of what might yet be under new skies and changed environments. And on the other hand, there was the other picture of youth, and freshness, and loveliness, and he saw his future wife, a young queen away in that lovely and beautiful home amidst the snows. Which was it to be?

"And tell me, Ted," said the faded woman, in her old, blunt matter-of-fact way, "was it that brought you back to Ireland after all these years?"

"Yes!" he said, firmly. "As I told you, I had many and many an offer of marriage from millionaires in Montana and Nevada. I could have married the daughters of men who owned as much land as there is in all Ireland; I could have paved my floors with silver, and roofed my ceilings with gold. But no! That evening, there in the sunset, over in Ballinslea, was always before me; it came up before me many a night as I lay awake beneath the stars; I saw it facing me when I was tempted to evil in the saloons of 'Frisco and Mexico; it kept my faith alive, because I wanted to be able to meet my mother in the other world, and to be able to ask you to be my wife in this; and now my time has come. My heart bleeds for you, Nora, and your little children. I can't bear to think of you struggling along in such awful poverty, and I, who was never good enough for you, having everything that man's heart can covet in this world. If I go back without you, I shall always be ashamed of my wealth. The picture of you and your children struggling against misery and poverty will be always coming up before me. Come with

me, bring Tessie and Kathleen, and we'll be happier than even we could have been before."

The second, and more beautiful picture had now faded away.

Nora Leonard sat with hands folded tight in her lap. She was moved, deeply moved by the poor fellow's fidelity, but she was not a bit shaken in her determination.

"Do you remember, Ted," she said, firmly, "the reason you gave for not taking me with you twenty-five years ago?"

"I do," he said; "and, though it broke my heart, I don't think I was wrong. I refused to take you with me because I could not ask you to share my shame and sorrow, or to reflect that shame and sorrow upon your family."

"And for much the same reason," she said, "I can't accept your offer now. I'd only be a burthen to you, and perhaps a shame, in those strange lands, and among strange people. I'm an old woman, worn out and faded from the trials of life, and I'm not fit to take the position you offer me. In a year or two you would tire of me——"

"No! no!" he cried. "You don't know me. If I waited for you so long, how could I tire of you so soon?"

"It wasn't me you were waiting for," she said, "but someone whom you thought was me. It wasn't an old, broken-down woman that appeared to you in the camps and saloons of America, but the girl you left standing under the hawthorn the evening you left home forever!"

It was so humble, so candid, and so true, that he found himself admitting it, almost against his wish. And with the acknowledgment there sprang up such a sudden feeling of admiration for this brave woman that he mentally resolved to blot out the other and brighter picture forever.

"As for our poverty," she said, "we have borne it now for so many years it has become easy. Thank God! we want for nothing. We have enough to eat and drink; and if our clothes are not in the fashion, they are at least good and serviceable enough. And in a few months Tessie will be of age, and we shall be able to claim the few pounds her father left."

"Tessie will be such an heiress then," said the Yank, "it will be hard to please her in a husband. Nora, she's so like you—

like what you were long ago—that I went near saying to her that first night I came into the shop what I have now said to you.”

“Yes!” said the mother, musingly, “it was Tessie, whom you never saw, and not I, who has been haunting you all these years.”

“She’s a noble girl,” he said, with a sigh. “Happy is the man who’ll get her!”

“She’s but a child!” said Nora.

“Well,” he said, rising up, and speaking with some bitterness, “there’s one good done. The breed of the informer will die out, and forever!”

One evening soon after, as the summer days were closing in, Kathleen sat in a *sugan* chair in Mrs. Murphy’s back parlor. Thade Murphy sat over against her, calmly smoking, and occasionally taking the pipe from his mouth to utter some comment on what she was reading. After one such observation, he suddenly said:

“Close that book, Katty, and listen to what I’m goin’ to say to you this blessed night!”

He had always something so important to divulge, and he always spoke in so oracular a manner, that Kathleen was not too much surprised. But she closed her book and listened.

“There was wan class of Irishmen that you never hard me spake of,” said Thade, “partly because I wouldn’t dirty my mouth wid them, and partly because no dacent writer iver mintions thim; but I must spake of ’em now. Can you guess what I mane?”

Kathleen guessed MacMorrough, and O’Brien of the Burnings, and the clan that met the Munstermen returning from Clontarf and would have annihilated them. She also guessed at the shadowy Danaan, and then came down to every barrister who took place and power from Ireland’s enemies.

“No!” said Thade. “You have mintioned a bad lot enough. But you haven’ sthruck on the worst a-yet!”

“Apostates!” shouted Kathleen. “They who have abandoned their country and their God!”

“You’re near it,” he said; “but you haven’t hit it yet!”

There was deep silence, Katty pondering over the fire and trying to conjecture what lower depth of infamy there could be.

The old man rose up, and he was very tall on his feet, and stooping over to where the voice of the girl directed him, he said or rather hissed, in a tragic voice :

"In—form—ers!" Then resuming his seat, he said more calmly, but still oracularly :

"There may be a hope for these misfortunate, misguided min, who have dirtied their hands with English gold ; and I am not the wan to say that even a Souper may not have a chance. Some people are now getting so tindher-hearted that they'll sind Turk, Jew, and atheist to heaven. But no wan ever in his right sinses could forgive an informer. We have forgot Keogh, and Scorpion Sullivan, and the rest of their dirty tribe ; but we haven't forgot, though we never mintion their names, a Corydon, a Nagle, or a Carey !"

After this burst, the old man, whose white, sightless eyes seemed starting from their sockets, subsided into momentary silence. But it was but the pause between the thunder-claps. Standing up again, and leaning over toward the girl, who was drinking in his fierce spirit, he said :

"To quote the words of a man who didn't know what he was talking about at the time. 'Hell isn't hot enough, nor eternity long enough' for thim !"

Kathleen was almost frightened ; but she shared these sentiments so fully that her indignation conquered her terror.

After another long spell the old man said again :

"Do you think that you undhershtand all that I mane by thim words, a *girsha* ?"

"I—I think I do," said or rather stammered Kathleen.

"Thin," said the old man, reaching the grand climax of his revelations, "you must know that you have wan of thim reptiles benathe your own roof !"

If he had told the girl that Satan was in her house, under the disguise of a wild cat, or that there was a familiar ghost haunting the garret under the roof, she could not have been more surprised and shocked. She sat speechless, not knowing what to think, and awaiting further revelations. The old man, rightly interpreting her silence, said at length :

"Is there a returned American, called Casey, frayquentin' yer house these nights ?"

She was obliged to say, "Yes!"

"What brings him there, d'ye think?"

Kathleen couldn't conjecture; but thought from appearances that mother and he appeared to be old friends.

"They were," he said significantly. "But he wants to be closer than friends now."

Kathleen couldn't understand.

"No wondher," he said, "you're young an' innicent, and don't know the shlippery ways of the wurruld. Had you anny conversation wid him yerself?"

"Not much," she said. "But I pitched into him and all his old Irish-Americans for dragging away the people from their own mother-land, just when she wants them most."

"Put the hand there," he said, stretching out his hard fist. "You'll save yer counthry a-yet. Good God! a hundred girls like you, would do what we failed to do."

"I did," said Kathleen, now quite excited with the flattery, "and I told him they were all over there only recruiting sergeants for England."

"Good again!" said the old man. "Now, listen! About eighty years ago, in the time of the Whiteboys, twinty-wan as dacent min as this parish ever produced were arrested by the yeomen (Hell's fire to them, with their pitch caps and thriangles), and carried up to Cork gaol to be thried for their lives. They wor as innicent as you are this moment; but their inimies wanted blood, blood, an' they should have it. There was no case agin them; but the Crown never yet in Ireland wanted matarials for a case so long as they could get ruffians to swear black was white fur their dirty gold. And there wor plinty of thim. O'Connell saved the lives of the misforthunate min. I niver thought much of O'Connell. He got his chance for Ireland, and he thrun it away. If that day at Clontarf, he had only said the wurrd! But he thought—bad cess to him—that the whole counthry's freedom wasn't worth a drop of blood. He was a thraitor, but he didn't know it, and we must give the divil his due. He saved the lives of these min. But no thanks to the judges, the juries, the prosecutors; laste of all, the informers, who swore up to the mark, wurrd by wurrd what they were taught, and for which they got their divil's airnings, the blood-money of dacent min."

He paused for breath before the grand revelation.

"They left their counthry, and wandhered like Cain, waga-bones, over the face of the airth. But they left their spawn, the spawn of reptiles, behind them. Wan of thim, the chief wan, the ringlayder, the spokesman, was called Cloumper Daly; and Cloumper Daly's grandson is the Terence Casey who is now frayquenting your house, and wants to marry your mother!"

The thing seemed so horrible that the girl could not speak. She looked curiously at the old man to see were his wits wanderin'; for he often said he was getting into his second childhood. But she had never found him tripping hitherto. He had day and date for everything. Even when he communicated to her under awful vows of secrecy the exact place in Oldcourt graveyard where they had buried with many rites and prayers a coffin full of rifle-barreels and cartridges, well greased and protected against the damp with oiled silk, she found she could trust him, although it nearly cost her her life to keep closed lips on the secret. But this revelation was so unutterable and unthinkable that she could not speak. He misunderstood her silence.

"I dare say," he said in that old cutting ironical way with which he always spoke of his enemies, "ye'll all get a rise in the world now. They say he has plinty of goold dollars, an' as much land as you couldn't walk in a mont'. An' sure, 'tisin't I that should be sorry for yere uprise. Ye have suffered poverty enough, God knows! But, then, ye always kept a dacent name. At laste, I never hard of a Curtin or a Linnard brought to shame a-yet. And sure afther all, a dacent name with poverty is better than a dirthy name wit' all the goold of Californy. But, that's neyther here nor there! The ould times are gone, an' the ould dacency wid them. There's nothin' now but munny, munny; and sure it would be well becomin' of me to begrudge it to ye!"

Every word cut like a knife into the mind of the sensitive and passionate girl. She began to see before her nothing but ignominy and disgrace. At last, in a paroxysm of anger and shame she said:

"What shall I do? Tell me, oh, what shall I do? We can never lift our heads again!"

"You'll get used to it," said the old man, with savage irony.

"Whin yere over there in yere grand house, or rowlin' about in yere carriage and pair, ye'll forget all the ould honor and reputation of yere race and family. But ye'll have to change yere name. You'll be Miss Casey, *inagh*, or perhaps, they'll call ye afther yere grandfather, Daly, the informer. Miss Kathleen Daly! Well, sure, nobody will know ye at all, at all. But," he added with a sudden thrust, "yere father will turrin in his grave!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ACCEPTED.

"Look here," I said, a few days after to the Yank, "you won't mind my saying a little word to you?"

"Not in the least, Father," he said, looking surprised.

"Well, I'd advise you to bring that matter to an issue, one way or the other. There's a good deal of talk in the town. You have been noticed visiting that house and there are tongues wagging, I can tell you!"

"People will talk," he said, standing on the defensive. "And for real, downright gossips, commend me to an Irish village. One would suppose that Nora Curtin would escape, if any one could."

"It isn't Nora," I exclaimed. "You forget there is a younger and more attractive figure than Nora there; and, to tell you the truth, and to be very candid, I don't like to hear Tessie Leonard's name in the people's mouths. I baptized her, I gave her her First Communion, I know she is the best and holiest child in the universe; and I assure you, my dear friend, that I am awfully grieved to hear her name mentioned with yours, especially as there can be nothing in it."

"The old objection?" he said sadly. "I knew it would follow me to my grave."

"No," I replied. "I cannot say that it is. At least, I am not aware of anyone that knows, or has spoken of that matter. As I told you, the thing is dead and buried. But why don't you speak to Nora and settle matters, once and forever?"

"I have spoken," he said dejectedly.

"Well, 'tis all right, I hope?"

"No, 'tis all wrong," he replied. "My journey of six thousand miles is gone for nothing. She refused me!"

And he told me all that had occurred.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," I replied. "But I am genuinely sorry for you; and more sorry for her. What in the world possessed her to refuse such an offer, and from so old a friend?"

"The very same pride that made me refuse her," he replied. "She's afraid she would bring shame on me away in the backwoods of America, and that I would tire of her."

"But you did see a great change?" I repeated.

"Yes, a great change! But that didn't make one hand's breadth of a difference. I came to make her my wife; and that I would have done, and never repented of it, if she had only consented."

"God help her now!" I murmured. "But your duty, my dear Terence, is plain. You have acted a brave, manly part. You can do no more. But, for the reasons I have alleged, I would go back to Wyoming as soon as possible, if I were you!"

"I'll take your advice, Father," he said humbly. "But it is hard to have waited all these years for nothing! I'll call, and say goodbye to-night; and leave to-morrow for Cork or Queens town."

Just as it was dark, Terence Casey issued from the door of his hotel, and turned the corner to Mrs. Leonard's. His heart was heavy. The dream of his life was over forever. He would return to America a lonely man; and he would have the mortification of seeing all his wealth lying around him, with no one to enjoy it, or inherit it after him. The pursuit of wealth is hard; the enjoyment of it, bitter, he thought. Would it not be better for him a thousand times to have been a poor day-laborer with some place he could call a home, and all the tender associations connected with that word? He was half angry, too, with Nora. She was unreasonable, proud, sensitive. He thought he had only to say the word, fling his gold at her feet, and she was his forever. But no! A cold refusal was all he got. These Irish are as proud as the devil, he thought. Well, thank God! one thing is settled and done with forever. Not a whisper has been breathed of his parentage or descent. He has been disappointed where he was

most certain of success. What he most feared is exorcised forever. The people have changed a good deal, he thought. They are getting short memories, and so much the better. Nevertheless, his heart was heavy as he stepped on to the earthen floor of the little shop.

He was arrested on the very threshold by the sound of voices raised in angry altercation in the parlor. There was no one in the wretched shop; and the parlor door was partly opened, but the white muslin screen effectually cut off all view both from within and without. He listened for a moment. Then, thinking it was some neighborly scold had come in to exercise her vocabulary about a frightened hen, or a whipped child, he was about to retire into the street, and wait, when he heard his own name mentioned, and in not too complimentary a manner. The speaker was Kathleen.

"I was never disobedient or disrespectful to you, mother," she was saying. "But it was a bitter day for us when this man came to disturb us. I never liked him from the moment I put my eyes upon him. And now here's the whole town talking about us."

"And what have they to say against us?" said Tessie, with an unusual tone of determination. "If a gentleman——"

"A— what?" said Kathleen, contemptuously.

"A gentleman, I said," retorted Tessie.

"Then, as usual, you don't know what you're talking about," said Kathleen.

"Sh, girls," said the mother, anxiously. "You're both young and you know nothing of the world. You'd better leave these things alone."

"I didn't start the conversation, mother," said Tessie. "But Katty thinks the whole world is watching her and is growing interested in her."

"I think nothing of the kind, Miss," said Kathleen. "I'm not speaking of myself at all, at all. I'm only telling what the whole town is talking about."

"And let them talk!" said her mother. "What have they to say?"

"Enough to bring shame and sorrow upon us forever," replied Kathleen. "I'd rather beg my bread from door to door than to see that Casey come in here?"

"Come in here?" said Tessie. "What are you talking about, Katty? You're taking leave of your senses."

"I'm not taking leave of my senses," said Kathleen. "I say the whole town is talking of that man coming around here; and if I must say it, I must, but ye have dragged it out of me, of marrying you, mother!"

"Shame Kathleen," said Tessie, reprovingly. "You ought to make that a cause of confession. You have insulted poor mother shamefully."

"Let her alone, Tessie!" said the mother, resignedly. "She means no harm. But it may be a comfort for you to know, Katty, that I have no notion of ever marrying Terence Casey, or anybody else!"

"I knew it!" said Kathleen, exultingly. "But I'd rather see you dead, mother, than marry him."

"Why?" said her mother, coldly. "What do you know about Terence Casey?"

"What do I know, mother? What everybody knows,—that he is the son of an informer!"

"Who told you that?" said her mother. "I suppose that old blind lunatic over the way, who is filling your head with all these notions! But he's wrong this time. Terence Casey is not the son of an informer. He's the son of Redmond Casey, of Ballinslea, as decent a man as ever lived."

"Then he's a grandson," said Kathleen, feeling herself defeated.

"That's ancient history," said her mother. "All I know is that he came here, across the whole of America and across the Atlantic, to lift us out of poverty and misery, and to give us a comfortable home forever."

"Then, I'm glad you didn't take it, mother," said Kathleen. "Better poverty and hunger than shame and disgrace."

"You're so full of conceit that you don't know what you're talking about," said Tessie angrily. "For my part, I think it a noble and honorable thing that Mr. Casey should have remembered mother so long, and tried to befriend her in the end. That covers up every family failing, which, thank God, no one minds now. We haven't so much to boast of ourselves."

"That's a reflection on my father," said Kathleen, bristling up. "No one heard of a Leonard disgracing himself."

"And where has Terence Casey disgraced himself?" Tessie asked. "Is it a disgrace for a man to build up a fortune in America, and then come back to ask the friend of his youth to share it?"

"You're so hot over the matter, one would think you were wishing to share it yourself!" said Kathleen.

"What if I were? I see no shame in that."

"Do you mean to say that you'd accept as a husband the son, or grandson of an informer!"

"I'd think of the man himself, not of his ancestors," said Tessie.

"And you'd accept him with all the ignominy and disgrace in the eyes of the people?"

"There is no ignominy or disgrace except in what we do ourselves," said Tessie. "Almighty God will never ask us what our grandfathers did or didn't. If I knew Terence Casey to be otherwise a decent man, and a good, practical Catholic, what his grandfather, or great grandfather was, wouldn't stand in my way. And there must be something unusual about a man who remembered his early affection for mother after so many years."

"I'm saying nothing against the man himself. But, if his grandfather swore away the lives of honest men——"

"Even so," said Tessie impatiently. "There, let us end the subject. It doesn't concern us."

"Whatever you like. I didn't start it," said Kathleen.

"Not yet!" said Terence Casey, opening wide the little glass door, and standing in the room. "I overheard, very unwillingly, every word, or nearly every word, you have said, Nora, and you, Tessie, and you, Kathleen. I knocked several times, and could get no answer. I came to say goodbye to you all; but I little suspected that I should hear in your house, Nora, and from your child, that same dreadful charge that drove me to America a quarter of a century ago, and has been haunting me like a spectre since. I was assured it was dead and forgotten here, but we can never know——"

"I meant nothing against you, Mr. Casey," said Kathleen, "but listeners seldom hear good of themselves."

"But they may hear the truth sometimes," he said, in a broken

way, "even though it be not pleasant. It is quite true that my grandfather was—well, an informer," he gulped down the word, "but, God knows! I and my poor mother more than atoned for his crime, if banishment, and sorrow, and all men's hands against us, can be thought sufficient punishment. Twenty-five years ago I refused your mother's generous offer to share my shame and go with me to the world's end. 'Twas a foolish sentiment that made me part with what would have been the greatest blessing of my life. And many and many a time, when I heard of her trials and struggles here, I bitterly reproached myself for having brought such sorrow on a woman who loved me, and whom I loved. May God forgive our pride! It is the worst inheritance we have got. It is the cause of all the heart-breakings and desolation of the world. Well, I leave town to-morrow, and Ireland in about four weeks. I would have remained longer, but I am informed that the gossips here at home have been coupling my name with the family in a way I never could dream of, nor hope for——"

"Don't say that, Ted," said Mrs. Leonard. "It is what you were dreaming of all your life."

"You don't understand me, Nora," he said. "It was you were the dream of my life; but the people think otherwise."

"And the people are right," said Nora. "What you were dreaming about is the girl you left on that Monday evening under the hawthorn at Ballinslea."

"And that was you," said Casey, in bewilderment.

"It was not," said Mrs. Leonard. "Look at me, and look at Tessie there, and say are the people right or wrong?"

"Mother!" cried Tessie, rising up, her face red with blushes at the sudden revelation.

Terence Casey stood transfixed. He had to admit that this was the picture that was ever overshadowing the old, faded one, and that now looked so perfect and beautiful a contrast. He felt that all along he had been a traitor to his old ideal, but he argued that he had done nothing but what was honorable and just. Could it be that just as he heard what he least expected here in this humble home—the reproach and shame of his long life—he should also hear the words that were to make his happiness forever? Something whispered: "This is your life's chance—seize it!" And he did.

"Tessie," he said, with great gentleness and deference, "your mother has said something I could never bring myself to utter. I will not say whether she is right or wrong. Neither shall I take an unfair advantage of your words, which I overheard at the door. But this is truth, God's truth! All my life long I have been anxious to link myself with your family. One disappointment has arisen after another to prevent it. If now my hope, my ambition, the dearest desire of my heart, is to be fulfilled, and if you, who are so far above me, are to be the link, I should think all my sad life crowned by a supreme beatitude. But I shall not deny what your mother says, neither shall I take an unworthy advantage of your generous defence, and still more generous determination. But if on consideration you will not recall your words, then I shall have reaped, after all these years, almost more than I expected or desired. In a word, I ask you to be my wife. Will you?"

Tessie was silently weeping. Kathleen was studying her closely and critically.

"Mother, what shall I say?" said the weeping girl.

"Whatever you please, child," said the mother.

"I'll do what you wish, mother, and nothing else," said Tessie.

Mrs. Leonard rose up and said, not without emotion:

"As I said, I leave you perfectly free, Tessie. But there is no man in the world I'd rather see you married to than Terence Casey. But she is very young, Ted, and will not be of age till twelve-months more or so. Can you wait?"

"Yes! and longer, if I have her promise."

"Speak, Tessie," said her mother.

"Yes, mother, since you wish it," said the girl.

Quite gay from the sudden revulsion from despair and gloom, Terence Casey turned to Kathleen.

"Will you forbid the banns?" he said.

"No! but I wouldn't marry you," she said with flashing eyes.

"It makes no matter now," he said gaily. "I live near Salt Lake City; but I am not a Mormon! And now goodbye! This day twelvemonth I return to claim the fulfilment of your promise!"

CHAPTER XXIX.—FROM LAKE SHOSHONE.

There was a good deal of variety of opinion amongst the neighbors about the propriety of this engagement and the risks and possibilities that might accrue from it. And the opinions, as indeed all human thought and action, were formed and colored and biassed by vanity, or jealousy, or hope, or charity.

"He's ould enough to be her grandfather," said one.

"People will do anything for money," said another.

"Wisha, wasn't it quare," said a third, "that a man who was coortin' the mother should marry the daughter?"

"She's as good a girl as ever walked in shoe-leather," said a fourth. "She deserves the best husband that God could give her."

"Yes, to be sure," echoed another. "But how do we know but he has three or four wives in America? They do quare things over there, whin they're away from the eyes of the people."

"Oh, the priest will see to that," said a neighbor. "The Yank will have to make an affidavy, or somethin', besides presintin' letters from every parish priest he ever lived under."

"Yerra, whist, 'uman, sure there are no parish priests over there. They're all cojutors. And, sure, that same would be the big job for wan who was here, there, and everywhere, as the fit took him."

"They say he has lashin's of money. He don't know what to do with it."

"Well, they deserve their uprise, as hones' and dacent a family as ever was raised in the parish."

So human opinion ranges; and sometimes it was pleasant to hear, and sometimes the reverse.

Tessie herself, poor child, had to pass through a severe ordeal. Between congratulations, warnings, hopes for the future, doubts, speculations, she didn't know what to think.

"Sure we're all glad of your uprise, Miss Tessie! You always had the kind word for the poor; and—the kind deed, if God gave to you!"

"Wisha, sure we hope, Miss, that you're not goin' away altogether. Sure, 'tis a wild place out and out, with snow on the

ground nine month of the year, and wind that would blow you to the back of God-speed. Can't he lave you here wid us; and come to see you sometimes?"

"We're glad to hear the good news, Miss Tessie, but, look before you a bit, *agragal*. I wanse knew a Yankee fellow, like Casey, who came over here, and inticed a poor, raw, innicint girl like yerself to go wid him. Sure, whin she wint over, he lef' her, standin' wid her fingers in her mout' on the shstreets of New York. An' she soon found that he had a wife or two in every State in America."

"I hope you won't forget us, Miss, whin you go over there. There's my little Ellie now. She'd be the fine maid for you! You could train her yerself, for she's apt to larn; and a claner or a bettther little girl there isn't in Ireland."

"Wisha, I wandher, Miss, would your husband lind us a few pounds. If I could buy the little pig now, she'd be fit to kill about Aysther; and 'tis a pity, out and out, to see all the pratie-skins and cabbage thrun out for nothin'."

Not a word was ever whispered about Terence Casey's parentage. The old had forgotten it; the young were indifferent to it in their enthusiasm about the great athlete of the ballad and the song. It was only in the dark recesses of Thade Murphy's kitchen that terrible things were said, and dark forebodings about the future were oracularly uttered.

"I never thought that a Linnard would sell herself body and soul for goold," Thade would say. "But the wurruld is changin' every day. What was it that you said to him, Katty? Repate it for me, wurrd by wurrd!"

"I told him," Kathleen would say with pride, "that I wouldn't marry him, not if he had all the gold in California, nor all the diamonds in the Queen's crown. There's something better than either in the world, and with that we won't part."

"I never doubted you, *m'ainim me shtig*," the old man would reply. "And, believe you me, and believe you me again, your poor sisther will have raison to repint her bargain. You can't get blood out of a turnip; nor dacency from an informer. But what do the people be sayin', *achorra*?"

"Some one thing, and some another," Katty would reply. "No one thinks that any good will come of it."

"And how does she feel herself?" he asked.

"I think she's sorry enough for her bargain already," Kathleen would answer, anxious to justify herself to her own conscience. "She'd get out of it now if she could."

This was not strictly true; but it had some little foundation, for the poor girl was so harassed by questions, forebodings, prophecies, omens, and requests, that she grew paler and thinner than she had been. And at last she came to me to write and say all was at an end, and to get Terence Casey to break his engagement.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I said, "for any old women's gossip that may be floating around. People will talk; must talk, or they'll burst, and that would be a catastrophe. But unless you yourself are sorry, or that you dislike him, or that some other more serious impediment arises, you'll take the good fortune that God sent you, and be grateful for it. Is that your mother's opinion?"

"It is," she said, drying her tears. "She ridicules all this gossip. But——"

"But what?"

"How are we to know that he is not deceiving us? People change so much when they go abroad!"

"If you mean that he has, or may have, other ties abroad," I replied, "you may leave all that in my hands. I'm bound to see after all that, before I put the ring on your finger. But do you think that a man would come over twice three thousand miles to marry an old, faded woman, whom he loved long ago, if he weren't a good man?"

"N—no!" she said. "And I know 'tis wrong to harbor such suspicions; but when people are dinning them into your ears morning, noon, and night, they make an impression."

"They're certainly making an impression on you," I said. "If you go on fretting as you are, and pulling yourself down, you'll be as grey as myself, when Terence comes back; and maybe he'll be thinking of a good excuse to get rid of a white-haired, lantern-jawed, oldish-young lady!"

There's nothing like touching people on the quick, that is, appealing to the weak point, where they are most sensitive, to

bring them to their senses. There's a certain luxury in allowing ourselves to be argued into doing what our inclinations suggest. We like to be persuaded, not against, but according to our will. But that little appeal to human vanity put an end to argument. I heard no more of these scruples.

The wheel of time dipped into the depths of winter, and rose up into spring and summer, almost with a rush, so swift is the revolution, so rapid the cycle of seasons and times. The eventful day was at hand, I had settled all scruples, removed all impediments, and there remained only the academical question, would they be married in Cork, or at home, and would Kathleen act as bridesmaid to her sister. On the first question, I put down my foot firmly. They should be married in the church of their baptism, their First Confession, and Communion, and Confirmation, and nowhere else. I was not going to give in to these newfangled notions of city weddings with cold, icy *déjeuners* at hotels, etc. On the second point there was trouble enough until we arranged that the young Joan of Arc would not be asked to take hand, act, or part, in so unpatriotic a marriage; and, after a while, when the young lady found that the world would go round as usual, and that even the marriage would take place with a certain amount of *éclat*, even though not graced with her presence, she was glad enough to be asked. And so at last the eventful day came round.

We'd have beaten Ballypooreen hollow, only that Tessie implored with tears in her eyes, that, as we insisted on her being married at home, it should be at least as quiet as possible. Terence had given *carte blanche* to the hotel proprietor to make the material jollification as profuse and perfect as possible. And like a sensible fellow our host took the ball at the hop. That long table, running the entire length of the coffee-room, was simply dazzling. Such cold meats, garnished with all kinds of frills and fandangos, such translucent jellies, such pies and puddings and tarts and confectionery, such gorgeous pyramids of fruit, great pineapples, and purple and green grapes, and bananas, and yellow oranges; and, loading the sideboard, such gold-necked bottles of the "foaming wine of Eastern France," as I took care to mention in my speech, were never seen before.

Sam was in his element. He brought in every farmer and every farmer's wife whom he saw passing the hotel windows, and who were to be the guests, to exhibit his great triumph. Nay, even the laborers' wives and daughters, who came into town in their little donkey-carts to make their cheap and humble purchases, were all brought in to admire this magnificent display of culinary and other sciences. And I am afraid many poor mouths accustomed to plainer fare watered at the sight of such tremendous and appetizing viands. I gave him all credit for his industry and skill. He modestly disclaimed the honor, and placed it all to the credit of Terence Casey.

"Look here, yer Reverence," he said, flicking off invisible crumbs from the spotless table-cloth, "I ought to know a gintleman by this time. And Misther Casey *is* a gintleman. They comes here, all kinds and sorts of people, commercial travellers, ginthry for the fishin', agents gethering rints, bad — to thim; but I tell you what, yer Reverence"—he flung the napkin on his arm and struck an attitude—" *'tisn't every wan that wears yellow boots that's a gintleman.*"

"How do you distinguish them, Sam?" I asked. "I ask for information, because every time I see the tanned boots, especially if there are yellow gaiters above them, I feel an inclination to take off my hat."

"Lord bless yer Reverence," said Sam, compassionately, "if you knew all I know. Thim's the fellahs that 'ud split a sixpence to giv' me a thruppenny bit; an' thim's the same fellahs that giv' all the throuble. 'Here, you sir!' 'There, you sir!' 'Waitah, this chop's underdone!' 'Waitah, this stake is burned!' 'Hot wather in me room at six o'clock in the mornin'!' 'Hot wather in me room, an' a hot bawth before dinner!' They'd make a saint curse, begobs, an' I'm not much in that way——"

"No matter, Sam," I said, "you will be yet, if you have patience, and eschew lemonade——"

"But, as I was sayin', yer Reverence," said Sam, unheeding the interruption, "Misther Casey is different from all that. He's as quiet about the house as a child. He washes himself wance a day, which is as much as any Christian wants; and he sez, as soft as a woman, an' softer than a good many av them, as I know to

me sorra, 'Sam, wud you be kind enough to do this?' 'Sam, wud it be too much throuble to do that?' and *he* won't be hair-splitting. 'Keep that change, Sam, and buy tobaccy!' or 'Take that home to the ould 'uman, Sam!' Ah, yer Reverence, I knows a gintleman whin I sees him; and Misther Casey *is* a gintleman!"

"Well, he's getting his reward," I said, tentatively; "he's getting as good a wife as there is between the four seas of Ireland."

"She is indeed, yer Reverence," replied Sam, somewhat dubiously, I thought. "Av coorse he could do betther for himself, and get as much munny as he cared to ask for. But she's a nice, clane girl, an' sure she's wan of oursel's."

"Sam!" said I.

"Yes, yer Reverence," said Sam.

"This wedding is an important matter; the whole parish, I am told, will be asked here. I hope that you will do yourself credit——"

"Is it me, yer Reverence?" said Sam, as if this innocent remark implied something.

"I know," I said, unheeding, "that you are an awfully good fellow; but this will be a day of great temptation. And Mr. Casey will be extremely anxious to have everything correct and respectable. And wouldn't it be a pity," I continued, looking around admiringly, "if with such a magnificent and superb display, anything should occur to mar the honor and glory of the parish, and even of the country?"

"Begobs it would, yer Reverence," said Sam humbly. "Here; I'll take the pledge for life, in the name o' God!"

He knelt down, and I gave him the pledge till the day after the wedding.

Terence Casey duly arrived, examined all these details, approved of them, and looked the happy man he felt. Tessie wanted to walk to the church in her own simple, modest way, like every other girl in the parish. He wouldn't listen to it. He had a gorgeous equipage with two horses over from Mallow, and two outriders. I think it was these last that made Tessie faint. At least, she had a little weakness just before they started for the church, but swiftly recovered, and never looked better. What did she wear? Well, I give that up. I draw the line there. The French

would bother me entirely. But I know she had a ring that looked as if it would light the firmament of heaven if all the stars were quenched. And tell it not in Gath! The fierce, uncompromising little rebel, who did condescend to act as bridesmaid to her sister, did wear and exhibit without a pang of shame,—well, no! I must not tell it. Thade Murphy is alive yet. Swiftly the ceremony concluded; silently and swiftly the holy Mass, that binds all Catholic hearts together from the “rising of the sun to the going down of the same,” was celebrated; swiftly the registers were signed; and then, Kathleen—shall I tell it? yes, I will, to her credit—did kiss her brother-in-law; and in that little act of condescension did blot out the painful memory of that unhappy heritage of shame that had haunted the lives of Nodlag and her child.

Who was at the wedding? Everybody. And everybody was not only in excellent humor, but felt a share in the exuberant happiness of the bridegroom and the bride. 'Tis a little way of our own we have in Ireland, to try and kick the ladder from under a fellow-countryman who wants to get to the pinnacle of things, careless whether we kill him or maim him for life. But when he comes out safe overhead, we all wave our hats, and say, Huzza! And so, on this day, there were none but good wishes for the happy pair; the memories of the past were all subdued and hallowed, and the forecasts of the future were sunny and golden. Why will poor human nature be always manifesting its worst and darkest features, when the bright, kindly, loving side can be turned out as easily?

To crown it all, we had our traditional Irish bard in a glorious ballad-singer, who just outside the hotel window, not only revived the great epic of the past, but adapted it to the present. At least I presumed so from the first verse, which is all I am privileged to remember:

Come all ye lads and lasses,
And ye bould, brave gallowglasses,
Come listen to the sthory,
That I'm going to tell to ye.
'Tis all about the rover,
The gay and gallant lover,
Terence Casey, the great hurler
From the hills of Ballinslea.

I have a dim recollection, broken, however, by the clinking of glasses and the rattle of knives and forks, and the tumultuous jokes and laughter of happy people, that Tessie was compared to Vaynus and Nicodaymus, and was pronounced to be the most gifted young lady, as far as personal attractions were concerned, to be found in the Green Isle,—and that is a big word! And so the fun waxed fast and furious, and speeches were made, and songs were sung, until the inevitable and inexorable hand pointed to the hour, and the young happy couple had to drive to meet the Mail at Mallow, *en route* to Paris, if you please. Yes, nothing else would satisfy Terence. Tessie suggested Killarney; but he put it aside contemptuously. It should be the gay capital, and nothing else.

There was just one figure wanting from all the gaiety,—the little, faded figure that had once shone so bright to Terence's eyes there on that summer evening beneath the hawthorn at Ballinslea. She stayed at home with her beads, praying for her child. And when people chaffed her about all the good things she was losing, she said that she preferred her little brown teapot to all the luxuries they could provide. There was a swift, brief, loving parting, when Tessie came back to change her dress. I am afraid, Kathleen forswore all her principles, won over by the goodness and kindness of her brother-in-law. At least, the hated words, "son of an informer" never again crossed her lips, and never again smote on his heart.

A few weeks more and Terence and his bride were settled down in his beautiful home near Lake Shoshone. He used every entreaty to induce Nora and Kathleen to come with them. But Nora, clinging to old customs, preferred the little shop, the little parlor, the quiet spot in the church, and her little brown teapot, to all the splendors of brown-stone mansions by picturesque lakes. Besides, there is a probability that Tessie's exile will be a brief one. The glamor and charm of Ireland, the witchery of her scenery, the old links and associations so pleasantly revived, the home feeling, the kindly hearts and willing hands, have made an impression on Terence Casey. The *heimweh* is upon him; and I have got a notion that he is yearning for a spirited game in the old fields,

where he might use the silver-mounted hurley, or *camàn*, presented to him by the local skirmishers on the occasion of his marriage. Some day, if a chance arises, he will sell out his ranch and mansion, and buy some little cosy nest, down near some storied singing river in the old land. That's what we want. The old order changeth! The land of Ireland is passing into Irish hands once more. And the many deserted mansions here and there throughout Ireland, and the many ruined castles, stare from their gaping windows across the sea, and seem to say to the exiled Gaels:—

“Come back! Come back! Back to the land of your fathers! Let us hear once more the sound of the soft Gaelic in our halls; the laughter of your children beneath our roofs; the skirl of the bag-pipe, and the tinkle of the harp in our courts; the shout of our young men in the meadows by the river; the old, heart-breaking songs from the fields; the *seanchus* here where our broken windows stare upon weed-covered lawns. Come back! Come back! The days are dark and short since ye went; there is no sunshine on Ireland; and the nights are long and dismal! And there in the moon-lit abbey by the river rest the bones of your kindred! Their unquiet spirits haunt every mansion and cottage; and the wail of their Banshee is over the fields and up along the hills! They shall never rest in peace till your shadows sweep across their tombs; and your prayers, like the night winds, stir the ivy on the crumbling walls!”

Before going to press, we received the following letter, which may serve as an introduction, an apology, and an explanation:—

GLENANAAR, LAKE SHOSHONE, WY.

Rev. dear Father,—

Yes! You have my full permission. You may tell my story from every housetop in Ireland. I have the best and dearest little wife from Florida to Vancouver; and I snap my fingers in the face of the world. Hence, I sign myself,

Yours faithfully and gratefully,

The Son of Nodlag.

Doneraile, Ireland.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

(Finis.)

Student's Library Table.

OUR CRITIC.

Freedom and Education of Girls.—The more we bring all youth under a uniform system, to be sure, the more we must lose of that personal element in the teacher, of that free following of tastes and fancies both in teacher and pupil, causes of disorder and of failure as they may be, yet of the source of genuine interest in things of the mind, not in mere subjects for examination, and standards, and grading, and all the partially useful but deadening machinery whirl. Plutarch, said the late M. Gréard (whose death a short time ago left the last vacancy in the French Academy, and who never wearied of seeking wise ways on education), brought out "those two fundamental truths so often forgotten, that on the one hand the work of education considered as a whole is above all a moral work, and must, by the mind, reach the heart; and on the other hand that time and effort are what you must have: they are the necessary factors. . . . Young pupils' minds are not vessels that you must be always filling." This last is an excellent thought. M. Gréard's successor has said, in his panegyric on his predecessor at the Academy: I wish it were taken to heart by those merciless pedagogues—of the public school system—who keep on forever increasing one of our great national miseries, the official examinations. Alas! O Plutarch, here in France you would find the vessels filled to overflowing, and cataracts of programmes, ceaseless and pitiless, pouring on the innocent head of undeveloped youth, spite of father's protests and mother's prayers.

And it is for this good wish for liberty that the new Academician, M. Emil Gebhart (even while M. Emil Combes was still planning Jacobin programmes) praised M. Gréard's writing on that born teacher, Mme. de Maintenon, governess and queen, and on her foundation of Saint-Cyr, that girls' school whose characteristic was the breath of liberty that gave fresh life to the foundation of the seventeenth century of Louis XIV. Mme. de Maintenon was Churchwoman enough, even if (as we know now) no active

persecutor ; but Saint-Cyr was a bold effort to secularize women education—" Mme. de Maintenon was the first of lay mistresses." And forty years since in France, nay twenty years, " secular " and " lay " were good plain French words, not distorted and twisted out of their proper meaning as they now are, ringing in our ears as so many trumpet calls to civil strife. That is the plaint of the last voice from the Academy, this one survival of pre-Revolution institutions of learning, this refuge still unstormed by the Jacobin-minded State.

M. Gebhart quotes Racine, Mme. de Maintenon's adviser, for the thought that inspired her founding of Saint-Cyr, " established chiefly for bringing up a large number of girls piously ; nothing being forgotten that would make them fit to serve God in the various states of life to which it will please Him to call them." It was far from the modern *école laïque*. " We aimed at solid piety," the foundress wrote, " without smallmindedness, with a wide choice in the maxims guiding us, with complete freedom of talk among ourselves, and a pleasant tone of playful mockery when in the world. We were to have great contempt for the ways of the other institutions."

The " other institutions," as M. Gebhart explains, were the convents—not, we may add, Mme. Barat's foundation with her maxim, " Be pious, but let your piety be of the kind which sets duty above mere practice of devotion. Be firm against the world and human respect ; be simple and modest"—those convents of the day, that she liked no more than Fénelon liked them, the gloomy Jansenistic houses, where children lived silent and listless, going walking—the Port Royal rule prescribed this—only when between two nuns, one before and one after, so as to put a stop to any speaking. From meditation they went to prayer, from prayer to instruction, where, besides the catechism, they learnt only reading and writing, with a little arithmetic on Sundays. " Let children sometimes go their own way," opposed Mme. Maintenon, " that so you may find out what are their tendencies ; be happy and bright while ruling them, and let them find pleasure in their education." It is Lady Jane Grey again, according to Roger Ascham : " One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that He sent me so sharpe and severe Parents, and so jentle a schoolemaster. For when I am in presence of either father or

mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowing, plaiying, dauncing, or doing anie thing else, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I think my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so jentlie, so pleasantlie, with such faire allurementes to learning, that I think all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because what soever I do els but learning is full of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me : And thus my boke hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

In that is such a lesson as Mme. de Maintenon would have taught in mental activity : You are not going to make nuns, she said in her day ; and if some have a vocation, long fasts are not the way to prepare them for it. There should be something natural, happy, quiet, and unenforced in the piety they are taught ; innocence of life is what it should consist of, rather than austerities and retreats. When a girl who has been well-taught loses Vespers to tend on a sick husband, she gets everyone's approval ; and everyone will think well of a religion which means a woman educating her children, and teaching their duties to her servants, rather than passing her whole morning in an oratory.

Mme. de Maintenon when she wrote those words had taken from Fénelon and his *Education des filles* an idea of education aiming more at making a noble character and a well balanced mind, than at learning or at accomplishments. M. Gréard her admirer's own books are to be noted : *l'Enseignement secondaire des filles* and *l'Education des femmes par les femmes*. Their author wants to bring out the master note in modern education to be sounded specially in democratic countries ; and that is, the raising of the position of women by letting them study religion, and ethics, foreign languages, and literatures, common law, domestic economy, the elements of various sciences ; thus making them useful wives

and intelligent mothers. Chysale's is still the ideal for some priests fairly educated themselves, who have said to me that—

Nos pères, sur ce point, étaient gens bien sensés,
 Qui disaient qu'une femme en sait toujours assez,
 Quand la capacité de son esprit se hausse
 A connaître un pourpoint d'avec un haut-de-chausse.
 Les leurs ne lisaient point, mais elle vivaient bien ;
 Leurs ménages étaient tout leur docte entretien.

M. Gréard, the Academy's lay vice-rector, was more and more inclined to turn from Henriette *qui ne sait pas le grec*, and her pretty marrying ways ; with her

Qu'est-ce qu'à mon âge on a de mieux à faire
 Que d'attacher à soi, par le titre d' époux,
 Un homme qui vous aime, et soit aimé de vous ?

to her sister, *la femme savante*, who, he suspects, would wear better, and fall less surely under the sickle of Time, whatever be the pedantry in her advice :

Laissez aux gens grossiers, aux personnes vulgaires,
 Les bas amusements de ces sortes d'affaires.
 A de plus hauts objets élevez vos desirs,
 Songez à prendre un goût des plus nobles plaisirs,
 Et traitant de mepris les sens et la matière,
 A l'esprit, comme nous, donnez-vous tout entière.

The "freedom" of Henriette, of Hetty Sorel, is certainly not the freedom of the modern woman, of the worker for her independent living, of the girl graduate, of the summer school lecturer, of the philanthropist, the novelist, the journalist, the artist, the student ; nor of the woman of the world nobly planned

To warn, to comfort, and command.

These women's freedom in its weakness and in its strength is more of a possibility in Armande's discontent with mental frivolity, or in Dinah Morris' with spiritual. And they would end in being less tiresome than their giddy sisters. There is another pedantry than that of books.

Such thoughts readers will find developed also in a new French book of no revolutionary origin, "*Initiatives féminines*, par Max Turman, docteur ès sciences politiques et économiques, professeur au collège libre des sciences sociales." (*Paris : Lecoffre.*)

The "Improvement" of the People.—A Reading Camp Association has been formed, having for its object to provide rooms for

reading, entertainment, and intellectual advancement—so we read—in lumbering, mining, and construction camps. A good object. We Catholics are warned at once, by some of ourselves, to beware lest on the reading-room table there be sectarian books and papers.

One cannot but recall Cardinal Manning's appeal to Catholics to take some interest in movements for the general good of the community; to do something more than criticize their poor philanthropic neighbors. As he said, he used to find himself, to his sorrow, the only Catholic, or almost the only one, on committees for social reform, educational progress, municipal institutions, libraries, reading-rooms, all the natural means for making his fellow creatures wiser, better, and happier.

In hospitals, in prisons, in public institutions of various sorts, Protestant or non-Catholic literature abounds; because its promoters take the trouble to send it and give it. Catholics, as other mortals, like to sing hymns to comfort their troubled hearts. We have found them singing Moody and Sankey's. They never had a chance of hearing any other. Public libraries in the United States might be mentioned by the dozen which have welcomed, not gifts of Catholic books, but even their names; and the books then have been bought by the libraries. And having been bought they are left uncalled for, and unused, these same Catholic books, in scores of libraries. We refer to deplored facts published again and again in Catholic newspapers, and in reports of Catholic societies.

It is not otherwise when we come to associations such as the one mentioned at the outset of these words. The Y. M. C. A. is the great example. Look at the fine building, lately endangered by fire in Montreal. Into it any decent passer or passenger can go, and get off the lonely streets. Its membership is recruited in a city whose young workingman population is overwhelmingly Catholic. But what is there Catholic on such a scale and of such utility? It is not the institution of one or other priest that we need, a thing that lives by him and may die when he departs; it is not an association which lives its own lay life, in no sense outside Church influence, but healthily independent. Catholics find themselves forbidden to join the Y. M. C. A., and not unfairly probably. They were forbidden in Montreal; they have just been forbidden by the Bishop of Havana. But the thought besets one

as to how it is and why it is that we are often so helpless in using natural means to good and even supernatural ends ; reserving ourselves for suspicions and criticism of our more philanthropic neighbors. We should have a right to have our say, if we heeded Cardinal Manning, and were as much concerned as they for the improvement of the more needy classes. We are not a reading people ; some of us repeat. Be it so. But, in the name of justice, then don't complain, if, in this age, we take the places reserved for people who don't read.

An Irish Bishop had something to say lately on this point. We subjoin a report of his words, enlightening us about Ireland, and causing heart-searching in all to whom they are applicable. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, at Confirmation in the Church of St. Patrick, Rathvilly, addressed the parishioners. He said that the low average attendance in some of the schools reflected anything but credit on the parents concerned, and he wanted to warn them of what the result of their conduct would be. If the attendance at the schools was not improved, and maintained in that improved condition, after some years there would hardly be left one school for boys and girls separately. If the average was not maintained above 30, after a few years—and perhaps sooner—the schools in which the average fell below that number would be amalgamated, and boys and girls would be educated together.

This—to be mentioned by the way—is according to the new rules of the Board of National Education in Ireland.

But there was another matter, said the Bishop, and the more he examined it the more it tended to fill his soul with despair for the progress of the people. Nearly half the children in our primary schools belong to the infants' class ; and of the rest, the majority leave school after they have reached the third standard ; and less than eight per cent. reach the sixth standard. Clearly, as long as that condition of things went on, there was no use expecting progress on the part of our people ; there was not the slightest possibility of anything of the kind. No matter what talk they heard, no matter what speeches were made, so long as that state of things continued there would be nothing but wholesale ignorance (illiteracy) amongst the masses of our people ; and he need not tell them that ignorance (illiteracy) nowadays was an insuper-

able barrier to progress. Therefore, if anything was to be done, it was by parents making a sacrifice and sending their children to school until they reach the highest standard. This he would preach in season and out of season ; and if the people refused to follow his advice, the responsibility would rest with them. If the state of things to which he was referring continued, there was not the slightest hope but that the people, whom they were trying to raise, would continue, whether at home or abroad, to be hewers of wood and carriers of water. Why did they find in foreign countries that such a high percentage of the inmates of the jails and workhouses and other institutions of the kind belonged to Ireland ? It was because so many of our people went into these great cities and towns absolutely and helplessly illiterate, and as a result they became as the very dregs of society. Referring to some school districts where the average school attendance varied from 55 to 60 per cent., the Bishop compared the attendance at schools in the north of Scotland, where the difficulties were as great as they were in Ireland, and yet the average was as high as 85 per cent.

We offer the last remark of the Irish Bishop as a suggestion to those who are this year considering the status of the followers and descendants of John Knox and his country of schools. The Scottish schools were not all owing to him. But he fought for them, from the lay plunderers at the Reformation. His people have had a chance of using the schools ever since. The Irish for long had no such chance. But they have it now ; and their descendants have it. Yet this month a review of education in Ireland devotes itself to telling how much was spent on colleges and schools for rooting out Irish Catholicism, in the days when England, in Grattan's words, went to hell for her principles, and to Bedlam for the men to administer them. It is a painfully interesting subject ; and must be mastered in order to understand the Irish at home and abroad. Still, there is a subject of more pressing interest ; and that is, what use is made of present opportunities ? The Bishop would echo the dramatist, that "*nos ancêtres sont nos ancêtres, et nous sommes les gens de maintenant.*" If fewer of our poor work themselves up, by means of the education offered them ; if fewer of our rich are the benefactors of education, why is it ? Whence our mistrust, our unbelief in what we praise in words, the serious occupation of the young, who if not fitted to-day, will be without influence to-morrow ?

Religious Intolerance in Spain.—The King of Spain has been happily received in England. But he troubled his English hosts at the time by writing to the Bishop of Barcelona to support that prelate's action in refusing to allow a Protestant church to be publicly opened and publicly marked as a church in his cathedral city. Certainly, such freedom for new heretics is against Spanish law. And the King replied that he was much concerned at this attack on the national religion.

Less has been said about the matter by the secular press than one might have expected. But they asked, Is the King of England's oath, denouncing the Catholic religion, worse than this check on Protestant development? It certainly is; the argument is not strong. A much stronger argument has been made by those who echo Professor William James of Harvard in his warning against allowing Catholicism much development in a Protestant State; for that it is a persecuting religion. Though, as his ex-fellow professor, Mr. Andrew White, has insisted in the *Warfare between Science and Religion*, Protestantism has not a grain of justification for crowing over Catholicism in respect of the instinct for persecution. A Catholic contemporary is glad to remind us that in some German Protestant States Catholics have not the freedom that Protestants have in States that are Catholic.

And yet this is all beating about the bush, for us at any rate. It is clutching at straws. It is disingenuous. We are important in the eyes of the world: we are not a national religion; not a sect; not a child merely of our own age; we make claims to be mighty and awful, to be custodians of God's revelation. Would we, or would we not—we are an important factor in the world—persecute if we had the chance? No, says a recent French book that bitterly protests against the persecution in France. And the writer goes on to insist, as we must always insist, on the "thesis" versus the hypothesis; the thesis that we cannot in common sense tolerate error, and the hypothesis that we may well tolerate the erring. Yet again a contemporary shuffles out of a fair consideration of the King of Spain's action in A.D. 1905 by saying that Huguenots were an *imperium in imperio*, and that three centuries back they were bent on breaking up the State and then seizing the power with the full intent to tolerate none but themselves. That is most true; and it is entirely beside the question. To-day we

claim tolerance—the hypothesis, not the thesis—we are in States with varying religions, we are in a civilized world closely bound by intercommunication ; in no western country of Europe can it be said that men in large cities are all of our religion. And to put it plainly, without metaphysical obscurity as to the logical outcome of liberty, there is no other basis on which we shall get liberty to-day but by granting it ; perhaps there is no other practical, if not theoretical, ground on which we have any right to claim it. Fifty years ago Louis Veuillot declared—always in the thesis—that we Catholics demand toleration of you poor worldlings by your principles, but be very sure we shall always, by our Catholic principles, refuse toleration to you. For God's sake, Montalembert answered, cease this high-sounding talk that will be our ruin. Accept your world ; no one wants you to preach the absurdity that falsehood has abstractedly rights such as truth has, that one religion is as good as another, that two and two may be equally soundly considered as four or as five, or that, provided any truth is to be known, it does not matter whether you know that truth or not. No one wants indifference ; none of us who is serious. But we do want honest declarations of our motives, of our intentions, of our determination to live and to let live, and of our pledged word to do unto others as we would be done by. It is amazing to see readiness to blame the intolerance of a German State for doing exactly what a Catholic bishop and king are doing, without a word of blame from some of us. No wonder we are then feared and distrusted. And Alfonso XIII in Spain has perhaps not hastened the day for Edward VII's advisers abolishing the anti-Catholic oath in England. May they not point to a leading English Catholic paper the other day answering the Anglican *Guardian's* question, "By what right does the Spanish Government order two crosses to be removed from the English church in Barcelona?" by its *argumentum ad hominem*—"By the same right that the British Government orders that no Catholic shall occupy the throne," etc. But not a word from our side against Catholicism in Spain ; though the Catholic paper asks from the Anglican protester that *he* should be logical, and come out against Protestantism in England.

It will be long before Burke is out of date with—"Alas ! I believe the genuine love of liberty to be extremely rare."

Studies and Conferences.

THE DATE OF CREATION IN THE "MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE."

Catholic teachers are well aware that for many years there has been, and still is, much dispute about the age of the world, and the date of man's first creation. This dispute is a result principally of special studies in geology which have revealed beneath the present surface of our earth fossil remains and fragments of animals and the impress of a luxuriant vegetation, which indicate vestiges of a much older vegetable and animal life than any known historical record of the human race supposes.

Since the actual date of these ancient records could not be determined, and since the speculations of learned men about the period of creation and the subsequent chronology widely differed in their computations, teachers of Christian Doctrine did not deem it prudent, on the whole, to disturb the traditional concept of the Creation, which had, as was generally understood, the Bible for its support. From the Scriptural record men have deduced the fact that the world came into existence about six thousand years ago; and that record comes to us on the authority of the word of God Himself, which as Catholics we believe in preference to the testimony of scientific men, or even in preference to our own senses, because these can be deceived, whereas God cannot err nor deceive us in His revelation. This supposes, of course, that we rightly read and understand the revealed record of the Bible. The Bible tells us merely that "*in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,*" and beyond this simple statement there are certain dates found in the historical portions of the sacred narrative which seemed to afford sufficient data for computing the years that elapsed from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ. On these dates the teacher of the Bible bases his chronology of creation. It was the nearest certainty he had for his knowledge, and even when doubts arose among Catholic teachers about the correctness of these conclusions, they preferred

to hold to the tradition, so long as there were no other *certain* dates, for it would have been worse than useless to our children to unsettle their minds with the doubts and disputes of scientists who saw no way of agreeing among themselves, except in so far as they questioned the ancient tradition.

But at present there is some danger in maintaining a view which seems not only unscientific, but is not really warranted by the teaching of the Bible, although this has not been noticed, nor does it appear at first sight from our reading of the Bible. The fact will perhaps be better understood by many of our readers if we explain the nature of the chronology of the Bible, which has been supposed to furnish a legitimate basis for the belief that the world was created 4,000 years before Christ.

It is not to be supposed that Catholic scholars discovered the advisability of changing this view only recently; it was understood long ago. But it is difficult in such matters to determine the precise time for a change in popular doctrine, which concerns after all not any vital matter of faith, since we may preach salvation effectually, as our forefathers did, without an exact knowledge of chronology, yet which to many seems like a matter of faith.

It is about thirty-five years ago since the Very Rev. Dr. Gerald Molloy, of Maynooth, discussed this subject in a work which set forth the scientific claims over against the traditional view as deduced from Revelation, regarding the creation of the world and of man.

“It is of some importance,” wrote Dr. Molloy,¹ “to understand clearly the nature of that system of chronology which is gathered from the Bible.

“Nowhere in the Sacred Text is the age of the human race explicitly set forth. But various data are found scattered here and there through the historical narrative, which afford us sufficient material to compute the years that elapsed from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ. Unfortunately, however, these data are in some respects obscure, and in some respects uncertain. And thus it has come to pass that many different systems of chronology are in vogue, even amongst those who profess to be guided entirely by the authority of the Bible.

¹ *Geology and Revelation*. Second edition. 1873.

“The whole period may be conveniently divided into two parts,—from the Creation of Adam to the Call of Abraham, and from the Call of Abraham to the Birth of Christ. As regards the latter interval, the difference of opinion among chronologists is not very substantial; the length of the period may be roughly set down at about 2,000 years. But in the computation of the former interval a very wide difference prevails, arising from a diversity of reading in the earliest versions of the Pentateuch.

“The materials for the computation are derived from two genealogical lists, one extending from Adam to Noah,² the other from Noah to Abraham.³ In these lists we have not only the direct line of descent from father to son, extending through the whole period in question, but we have moreover the age of each individual member of the genealogy at the time when the next in succession was born. As for example:—‘Adam lived *a hundred and thirty years, and begot a son* to his own image and likeness, and called his name Seth. And the days of Adam, after he begot Seth, were eight hundred years: and he begot sons and daughters. And all the time that Adam lived came to nine hundred and thirty years, and he died. Seth also lived *a hundred and five years, and begot Enos*. And Seth lived, after he begot Enos, eight hundred and seven years, and begot sons and daughters. And all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died. And Enos lived *ninety years, and begot Cainan*’:⁴ and so on. Now it is plain, according to this statement, that from the creation of Adam to the birth of Seth was a hundred and thirty years; to the birth of Enos a hundred and thirty, more a hundred and five years; to the birth of Cainan, a hundred and thirty, more a hundred and five, more ninety years. And in this way, following the genealogies of the Book of Genesis, we may easily compute the time from the creation of Adam to the birth of Abraham. Adding seventy-five years to this period, we reach the epoch known as the Call of Abraham; for we are told that ‘Abraham was seventy and five years old when he went forth from Haran.’⁵

“Now every one knows that, when a long catalogue of names and numbers is copied and recopied from age to age, errors are very likely to creep in and to be perpetuated. And so it has been in the present case. The three earliest versions of the Pentateuch are the Hebrew, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint; and among these three versions

² Genesis 5: 3–32.

³ *Ib.* 11: 10–26.

⁴ *Ib.* 5: 3–9.

⁵ Genesis 12: 4.

there is a very great discrepancy with regard to the figures in question ; so great, indeed, as to make up, on the whole, a difference of 1,500 years, or more, in the age of the human race.

“ It is plain that, of these three different versions, one only can represent the true age of the human race when Abraham went forth, at the command of God, from his country and his kindred and his father's house, to go into the land of Canaan ; and, at this distance of time, it is impossible to determine with anything like certainty which of the three has the greatest claim on our acceptance. The Church has not pronounced upon the subject ; and the question is freely discussed among Biblical scholars. But the details of this controversy have little to do with our present argument. Enough it is for us to know that, from the creation of Adam to the Birth of Christ was less than six thousand years at the highest computation, and about four thousand at the lowest. Adding 1872 years of the Christian era, the present age of the human race, estimated in this way, according to the existing data of the Bible, would seem to lie somewhere between six and eight thousand years.

“ It must be remembered, however, that the age of the human race is thus determined, not by the Bible itself, but by a calculation founded on the data which the Bible affords.

“ As regards the data, we would certainly hold that the two long series of figures set forth in the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis were strictly accurate as they came from the inspired pen of Moses ; but it is by no means clear that these figures have not suffered somewhat from the erring eye, or the erring hand, of the numerous scribes who intervened between the autograph of Moses and the oldest copy of the Pentateuch that now exists. Indeed, it is plain, when the three most ancient and venerable versions differ notably from one another, that two of the three must be wrong. And if errors certainly crept into two of these versions, so as to pervade all existing copies of them, it is not impossible, nor improbable, that errors may likewise have crept into the third ; and consequently, it is not at all certain that any one of the three versions now represents the figures as they were written by Moses.

“ But, in truth, we are not concerned just now with the strict accuracy of the Bible figures, nor with the soundness of a calculation by which, from these figures, a certain system of chronology is derived. Whatever may be the vagueness and uncertainty that hang about the chronology computed from the Bible, we freely admit that no reason-

able extension of its limits would suffice to take in those vast periods of time which geological theory imperatively demands for the formation of the earth's crust. The point on which we really want to insist is this, that the chronology of the Bible is not the chronology of the globe we inhabit, but only the chronology of the human race itself; and that, consequently, it imposes no limits on the antiquity of the earth.

“For many centuries this question received but little attention from the readers of the Bible. It was commonly assumed that, as the various events of the Creation are traced out in rapid succession by the inspired writer, and strung together into one continuous narrative, so did they follow one another, in reality, with a corresponding rapidity, and in the same unbroken continuity. The progress of physical science had not yet shown any necessity for supposing a lengthened period of time to have elapsed between the creation of the world and the creation of man; nor was there anything in the narrative itself to suggest such an idea. Thus it was generally taken for granted, almost without discussion, that, when God had created the heavens and the earth in the beginning, He *at once* set about the work of arranging and furnishing the universe, and fitting it up for the use of man; that He distributed this work over a period of six ordinary days, and at the close of the sixth day introduced our first parents upon the scene; and that, therefore, the beginning of the human race was but six days later than the beginning of the world.

“These notions about the history of the Creation continued to prevail almost down to our own time. It is to be observed, however, that they were not founded on a close and scientific examination of the Sacred Text.”

Mgr. Molloy then goes on to emphasize the statement that the Church had not, in any way, defined this matter, that she left it free to the interpreters, and that among the great theologians far back the above mentioned view of the antiquity of the world and of the human race had been explained, even if our *children* and the common people continued to entertain the old system without detriment to their faith.

Since the *Manual of Christian Doctrine* has gone to all our teachers far and wide, the question has been put to us by those who are familiar with the grounds of dispute whether it would not be advisable to eliminate the traditional date of the Creation,

and leave it—as it is—uncertain. Hence we do so in the new edition of the *Manual*. The change is simply that of substituting the word *Beginning* for the number 4,000, on pages 8, 24, and 30.

Of course, every one is at liberty in this matter to keep the old doctrine, for it is not a question of faith. But there is just this risk, to use the words of a scholarly Bishop who writes to us on the subject: "As far as we *can* know from the Bible there may have been millions of years between the two creations, and science shows that there was a vast length of time. If a lad whose knowledge of Christian Doctrine is derived from the *Manual* learns from an anti-Catholic source that his idea of creation is all wrong, the shock to his mind is all the greater by reason of the pedagogical skill which worked the false impression into his mental make-up."

The *Manual* is of course intended for the teacher. She or he will find a way of conveying the matter to the pupil, not as though there were a change in our knowledge of revelation, but simply that we saw the matter in a better light harmonizing science with revelation.

PAEDAGOGICA.

National Ownership of Educational Methods.

A prominent teacher of a Chicago public school expresses severe criticism of the attempts made during recent years to centralize the National Educational Association. The *Independent*, from which we take the following citation, appears to think the account of the dangers of organized pedagogical despotism exaggerated. But the warning may well be heeded. Catholics have special reasons for deprecating national paternalism in the school. We see how it works in the hands of an atheistic ministry such as Catholic and republican France has come to have for its legislating and ruling element. We in the United States happen to have an executive body in State power whose deliberations are at present guided by a sense of fairness to the legitimate convictions of all classes, independently of majorities and minorities; but in reality we are much nearer to becoming victims of unjust discrimination and coercion in the matter of educational

freedom than the Catholic people of England or Germany, where the right of conscience is recognized as having a distinct claim aside from the duty of educating the young up to a civil standard.

Writes Miss Margaret A. Haley, as head of the Teachers' Union:

"State Boards of education have demanded, and in some States have obtained, almost absolute control of the public school system. Local boards of education, themselves appointed and not elected, are made corporations with powers superior to the city government. Superintendents generally are demanding, and have frequently been conceded, autocratic powers over school boards, courses of study, selection of text-books, and the appointment, promotion, transfer and dismissal of teachers. The result is that teachers fear to protest against 'fads and frills,' against what they believe to be wrong and injurious educational methods, or even against 'graft,' for they know that any such protest is certain to result in forfeiting all chance of promotion, if it does not result in persecution and professional ruin, as is often the case. It is safe to say that with the exception of a few specially enlightened communities there exists to-day in America no such thoroughly terrorized and oppressed body of men and women as our public school teachers. . . .

"The whole tendency of school administration in the United States is toward 'centralization,' and this is the policy that is now being forced upon the National Educational Association. Who is responsible for this policy of centralization, and what is its purpose? From every quarter comes the suggestion that great commercial interests are at the bottom of the movement, while many calm thinkers believe that it is actively promoted, also, by certain institutions of learning which are interested in propagating doctrines agreeable to their founders and in strangling the propagation of disagreeable doctrines.

"Our public school system has become a veritable 'Golconda!' a 'mine' to be 'worked for all it is worth!' and the interests that would exploit, and are exploiting it, find it far easier to handle a well organized, central, despotic machine than to manage the great body of principals and teachers and the people at large. The latest move in the game is the scheme to obtain control of the National Educational Association."

Our Catholic Colleges.

Those were stirring words and true that Archbishop Farley addressed to the representatives of Catholic education recently met for deliberation in New York. After giving generous credit for all that had been accomplished by the self-sacrificing and able teachers in our Catholic colleges, he directed attention to the wisdom of facing our shortcomings where these call for an honest investigation into their causes, and where our opportunities of comparison suggest means for improvement.

The spirit of optimism is abroad in our land of ample resources and easy successes, and nowhere is that spirit so much in contrast with Christian principle as in the Church in America. Nowhere in the wide range of a Catholic Press does one find religious papers that fill columns on columns with laudations of individuals and of institutions on the simple plea that these bask in the sunshine of God's Catholic truth or enjoy the prerogatives of a Catholic name. But a name is not merit; it may be even much less than truth. And when the bandying of mutual laudations among those who profess religious principles prevents not only the acquisition of self-knowledge, but establishes a false measure of legitimate sensitiveness as to the claims which freedom of conscience gives to the Catholic population, then it becomes decidedly hurtful to the cause of religion, as well as a source of suspicion if not contempt of those who judge the Catholic Church by the unripe or the overripe fruits she shakes off during the spring and autumn showers that heaven sends to nourish a select growth.

What the Archbishop said on this point will be endorsed by every broad-minded and sincere educator throughout the land:

"I hold it is the duty of you gentlemen to look at your institutions as others look at them. The only path of progress is to look honestly at our defects,—going to the root of our faults and analyzing them, and applying the remedy. We are passing into a period of transition; we may and must and ever will, as time goes on and progress is made, have to sacrifice many of our ways of doing things, without however infringing on Catholic principles. Put aside prejudices, especially if we find that prejudices stand in the way of improvement. Our col-

leges do not seem to stand to-day much higher in the esteem of our people than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago, and that is seen from the number of our young men that crowd the universities elsewhere, and from the attendance at our Catholic colleges. These are plain facts, hard to hear, but unless taken as facts there will be no progress made. I trust that you, gentlemen, and others of the delegates of this Catholic association will take this matter up and act efficiently. Your association is a voluntary one; your legislation and your decisions are not binding upon any, but the fact that you meet together to improve each other's institutions is an honest confession that improvement is necessary.

"I trust after this needed action is taken, that financial aid and patronage will be so increased in favor of our colleges that no one will have a right afterward to seriously complain."

Uniform Text-Books for Diocesan Schools.

It may be of interest to many readers of THE DOLPHIN who are engaged in school-work to know what text-books are being recommended by different Diocesan Boards for use in the parish schools. These books may not be the best in the estimation of all teachers, nor suitable for all localities alike, because there is often good reason for preferring the works of local authors and publishers, and such preference does not necessarily set aside the obvious question of the advantage of the school. A list from the St. Louis Archdiocesan School Board has been sent us which may serve the school directors in other dioceses as suggestive in their own examination and comparison.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

CATHOLIC NATIONAL PRIMER. (*Benziger.*)

NEW SPELLER AND WORD-BOOK. (*Benziger.*)

NEW CENTURY READERS. I, II, III, IV, AND V. (*Benziger.*)

NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR. T. W. Harvey. (*American Book Company.*)

NEW LANGUAGE LESSONS. T. W. Harvey. (*American Book Company.*)

GERMAN READERS.

LESEBUCH. I, II, III, AND IV. (*Herder.*)

SACRED HISTORY.

- SCHUSTER'S BIBLE HISTORY. (*Herder.*)
 CHILD'S BIBLE HISTORY. (*Herder.*)
 BIBLE HISTORY (*German*). (*Herder.*)
 CHILD'S BIBLE HISTORY (*German*). (*Herder.*)
 OECHTERING'S CHURCH HISTORY. (*Herder.*)

SECULAR HISTORY.

- ELEMENTARY HISTORY. (*W. H. Sadlier.*)
 UNITED STATES HISTORY. (*W. H. Sadlier.*)
 EXCELSIOR GEOGRAPHY. II AND III. (*W. H. Sadlier.*)
 CIVIL GOVERNMENT. Thummel. (*Herder.*)

ARITHMETIC.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SERIES: Part I; Part II; Complete (*both parts*); Primary (*for teachers' use*).

PHYSIOLOGY.

- HOW WE LIVE. Johonnot and Bouton. (*American Book Company.*)
 MANUAL OF SCHOOL GYMNASTICS. Smart. (*American Book Company.*)

DRAWING.

AUGSBURG SYSTEM OF DRAWING. Standard Course; Short Course.

PRACTICAL DRAWING. Primary Grades, 1-4; Grammar Grades, 5-8.

INTELLIGENCE AND VOICE IN THE TRAINING OF BOY-CHOIRS.

The experienced trainer of boys for choir service will insist upon mental development as an essential requisite and accompaniment to the good rendering of the liturgical chant. Hence the teacher must find ways and means to make the pupils understand and intelligently appreciate the meaning of what and why they sing. Where this requisite is insisted upon and pains are taken to inculcate the lesson continually, a dignified and attractive

church-service will be the outcome. A pronounced advocate of this principle is Mr. Lacey Baker who writes upon the subject in one of our leading secular journals. "If a boy," says he, "has the larynx of an angel and has not an alert intelligence, he can never sing; but, having the mind, if he is properly trained, the voice will come.

"This is not to say that all voices are equally good, but rather that the voice, *per se*, is not of paramount importance, while the intelligence, and that which is perhaps deeper than intelligence, is all important."

To enforce his teaching Mr. Baker adopts somewhat curious but apparently effective methods largely based upon personal observation. Thus he holds that light-complexioned boys make the best singers; in his choir of fifty boys there are not more than five or six who have dark hair. He also insists that it is only when a boy is happy and at ease that he is in good form for singing. That explains his unusual methods in training choir boys,—methods whose purpose is largely to establish pleasant relations between master and pupils. Thus when he sees the muscles of a boy's face and brow contract he at once calls:

"Easy there, Tom; a frown does not help, but hinders."

To insure perfect relaxation, together with vital energy in the boys, this teacher conceived an arrangement which makes possible quick and easy interchange of intellectual effort and physical exercise during his rehearsals. There are many boy-choirs that have a gymnasium at their disposal for a certain length of time, but the rehearsing is entirely apart from it. In the present case there is a combination of both. With a grand piano at one end of the room and a complete gymnasium outfit at the other, Mr. Baker devotes an hour and a half each day to providing the right kind of boys with voices, and also equipping them with a thorough knowledge of music, and incidentally other things that every boy should know.

An eye-witness gives an interesting report of such a rehearsal. Says he:

Not with the same regularity, but as easily as a pendulum swings forward and back, the boys go from their seats about the piano to the gymnasium and return many times during a rehearsal. When they

have been giving undivided attention for some time to rendering a difficult passage in just the right way; if they show by manner or voice the fatigue which makes constructive thinking, if not impossible, very difficult; if there is the slightest tendency to restiveness, they are swung into the gymnasium part of a room by a "Now take to the woods, boys," from their teacher.

With a rush, yet without unseemly boisterousness, they make for the different parts of the gymnasium. A knot of them gathers four or five deep on the rings, each boy clinging to the one above him, and thus they gaily gyrate. Others double the bars, and so on. Not a boy fails to continue to exercise until a note on the piano recalls them to their work.

The rehearsals are held every day but Sunday. It is understood that all members of the choir shall be present *at three rehearsals* each week, but a boy may suit himself as to the days. In this particular, as in all connected with the choir work, the convenience, nay, pleasure, of each boy is considered.

This attitude of the choirmaster is the evident source of his exceptional success, not alone in inciting boys to self-restraint and a due consideration of the rights of those about them, but in awakening a sense of personal responsibility as to the thing they have in hand. By the work, which he makes a pleasure, and the change of work, which is rest, he keeps the volition of his boys so directed that they constantly endeavor to gain and maintain a high standard of excellence, not because it is his desire that they should, but for the reason that they themselves desire it.

There are absolutely no rules, no laws to be broken in the choir, and consequently no fines and no punishments.

When a new boy comes into the choir he is not lectured, but simply told:

"So long as you are comfortable and happy, stay; when you are not, go." But while there are no hard and fast rules, the most painstaking and exact work is done. When the boys are singing together, if there is a voice not quite true, lags, or is in any way discordant, the leader inquires what the trouble is and is promptly informed. Indeed it is usual for a boy when he has made an error to raise his hand and state his mistake. When he does not he practically acknowledges a double dereliction, as it is counted that he is lacking in musical judgment and attention or is inclined to shirk his responsibilities.

All this is good pedagogy, and as a result the choir-master is able to state that he has "never yet found a boy who was incorrigible," although he has frequently taken boys from the slums and such as were known to give their parents and school-teachers much trouble. Yet this leader allows nothing to pass unchallenged, and insists upon the highest standard in execution. He has evidently the gift of infinite patience, good humor, and the power to communicate to his pupils a certain sense of honor and pride in the work they are doing, without any other gain than the proficiency they attain in the art of expression, and the privilege of using it for a noble purpose. He does not praise often; but when he does, it is with effect. Thus during the rehearsal of a difficult piece the other day he turned to a fair, bright-faced boy, one of the seniors from among whom the soloists are selected, and asked that he sing the passage for them. When the little fellow, whose voice is like a perfectly tuned silver bell, had rendered it most beautifully, the leader said, smiling: "Will you remind me, Lincoln, to raise your salary?" It is safe to say the commendation this banter implied was as gratifying, in a way, as a veritable raise of salary would have been, for there is not a boy of the fifty that make up this choir who does not prize the master's praise.

The use of the blackboard in training choir boys is common, but to use it to illustrate mistakes is not so usual. Our leader, who is very particular as to enunciation, and a thorough believer in a natural tone and clean-cut wording, recently, after the boys had finished rehearsing an Easter anthem, wrote the following line on the blackboard: "This is the day the Lord has risen; we will rejoice and be glad *in-nit*," assuring them that they had sung the last word just as they saw it. It was not necessary for him to repeat that criticism.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW. A Journal of the Ancient Faith and Modern Thought. June—July, 1905. St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, New York. Vol. I, No. 1. Pp. 132.

The first issue of the new critical Review, the special aim of which is to point out the relations of modern scientific thought to the unchanging principles of the Christian faith, and whilst defending Catholic dogma to bring about at the same time a proper appreciation of such facts and deductions as progressive research reveals, is no disappointment to those who know what the proposed aim involves. It may be argued that a new magazine of this kind simply reasserts a programme already established by such high-class periodicals as the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, or *The Catholic University Bulletin*, which does in particular and necessarily cultivate this same field of the theological and philosophical disciplines. We should say the same of that well-conducted elder European Quarterly, *The Dublin Review*, not to mention THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW and THE DOLPHIN, or the London *Month*, which in the twelve numbers of their annual issues bring, among other varied matter, practically as many articles of an apologetic and scientific character as any of the above ; yet even if this were true, the establishment of a periodical such as the *New York Review* promises to be, would be amply justified in its appeal to the scholarly or educated reader in English-speaking countries.

In the first place it concentrates the talent which is formed in, and gathered around, an important educational establishment such as the Dunwoodie Seminary of New York. It is not enough to educate such talent ; you must give it room for useful intellectual activity, a tangible purpose, a bond of common interests, the prospects of results which tell upon the progress of the home forces, and create an *esprit de corps*. All this can not be accomplished in the same measure if the scholarship of the New York Seminary had not the stimulus of a separate organ of expression, which stood forth as distinct as does the Seminary itself, and does not merge its forces into those of other literary organs, for the same reason that our bishops do not send their students all to one large Theological Seminary which might be

established with less cost to the individual and superior equipment of teaching staff and appointments.

In the next place it may be assumed that a well-conducted magazine entering a field in which others are already engaged in the same or similar purpose, is bound not only to stimulate general excellence, but to multiply the means of information. Competition is the life of progress, and the multiplying of vehicles is a suggestion to many to ride who would otherwise walk. To say that too many laborers in the same field hamper each other and must find it impossible to cultivate a living out of the limited ground which the subscription list of the educated reading public affords, is to mistake the point of view from which the Catholic editor and publisher should approach their work; and it is also to mistake the effect which competition produces on the subscribing public. If the field is not broad enough for so many to extend their labor, let them dig deeper; there is room in the mines below as yet untouched, as there is room for excellence on top; and in the present rating of values it is better to dig gold than to plow for corn. Furthermore, the educated man or woman who reads one high-class magazine is apt to read two or three, if they are equally good, since they are apt to offer variety of topics apart from a certain individuality of treatment possessed by any well-managed publication.

We have then good reason to welcome the *New York Review* even as a competitor. Its mission is not, and cannot be, merely one of a mercantile enterprise. There is no money in such undertakings, except what the publisher spends at this stage of our Catholic educational progress; and the glory of being nobly unselfish in battling with manifold difficulties as editors or publishers of high-class literature must be supported by other and stronger motives if it is to last. In five or ten years such an undertaking as the *New York Review* will make its expenses, and then, if it has been uniformly well-managed, at that time it will begin to inspire confidence and do more. This prophecy rests on observation and some personal experience.

The present number of the *New York Review* contains two articles by non-American writers and six by American priests, among whom Fathers McSorley and Gigot are probably best known to the general reading world as well-informed critics,—one particularly in the field of psychology, the other in Sacred Scripture. Father Gigot's "Studies on the Synoptics" reveal, indeed, thorough scholarship. He examines the account of the synoptics dealing with the preparatory ministry of St. John the Baptist, and establishes the conclusion that St. Matthew's

Gospel record depends upon the Gospel of St. Mark, and that St. Luke had before him both accounts; he points out, too, that this mutual dependence may be traced throughout the entire narrative of our Lord's public life. Father Driscoll's first paper is a brief introduction to a comparative view of the various recent theories on the subject of "Biblical Inspiration." The writer's sympathies thus far indicate a leaning toward Père Lagrange's views, although one notes with pleasure that mention is made of our Jesuit Father, Anthony Maas, who differs from the great Dominican, and whose modesty only prevents his being heralded as one of our leading and best-informed Biblical scholars. In this connection we might mention also an appreciative review of Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, by Father Oussani, which offers much information and places the work as midway between "the overstrict conservatism" of Vigouroux's *Dictionnaire de la Bible* and the ultra-radicalism of Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Dr. Duffy, not quite so scientific a writer, makes a plea for the moral conscience of man as superior to the cosmos. His language is choice and his style clear and entertaining. The same may be said of Father Clifford's review of Holtzmann's *Life of Jesus*, which adds the critical note and makes Dr. Holtzmann's friends smart with the exposition of his easy-going logic. Father McSorley plays deftly upon his favorite harp, which was once the harp of his master, Father Hecker. "The Church and the Soul" reads like a chapter from, or rather an introduction to, "The Aspirations of the Soul." Altogether one may form a good estimate of what the projectors of the *New York Review* have in mind to do.

We note that there is no *censor* mentioned in connection with the magazine, such as the Index rules demand, and as is customarily noted upon the cover of European magazines issued under ecclesiastical auspices. This means probably that the Archbishop of New York confides in the orthodoxy and propriety of the utterances of the publication under the editorship of the rector of St. Joseph's Seminary. St. Sulpice stands for a high and untarnished expression of the ecclesiastical spirit and scholarship.

H.

THE CRUOIBLE. A Catholic Magazine of Higher Education for Women. Quarterly. June 20, 1905. The Editor: 89 Woodstock Road, Oxford. 1905. Pp. 58. (Price \$1.20, post free.)

A half-dozen periodicals designed to aid higher education in the Catholic field have come into life during the past two years. Among

these there was one, an American Pedagogical Review, distinctly designed as a magazine of higher education, not indeed exclusively for women, yet so in very large measure, because women have actually become the principal and most efficient agents in our day of educational progress. We regret that this Review of Catholic pedagogy should have been obliged to cease publication within a twelve-month of its first issue ; but the American field was evidently not sufficiently prepared for producing a harvest capable of yielding adequate support to such a magazine. In England men and women are not only better educated : they are also more serious ; hence we have no doubt that *The Crucible*, undertaken with modest pretensions but with quite a determined purpose, will make its work tell in a short time and permanently. Miss Fletcher, the editor of the new magazine, had sounded the signal of her keen appreciation of the interests involved in the modern educational movement, so far as they affect her sisters, when some years ago she published two volumes, which we spoke of in these pages at the time. One of these bore the characteristic title of *Light for New Times*, the other was *The School of the Heart*. What the author there had said with admirable sincerity and grace, she proposes to enforce in *The Crucible*. Her call of warning and direction is not, like that of the gondolier at the turn of the silent streets in Venice, to be merely a repetition of the one melody in different keys, but she proposes to bring together a choir of educators who might make the same plea with their varied experiences, yet with one concordant mind and aim. The key-note of her purpose may be caught in the article, at the end of this modest but well made quarterly, under the caption of "The Evolution of the Christian Woman," which is supplemented by the *Editorial* from the same pen. It argues out the rationale of the fact that "discipline and moral training for the young have undoubtedly been affected by the spirit of the age, and many questions arise which need passing through the crucible of the Catholic mind." She writes with the views of England in the matter of secondary education before her mind, as do the other writers in these pages, but that is an unavoidable condition for a periodical published in England. There are three religious teachers among the contributors, one the well known Superior of the Cavendish-Square High School and Training College, under the care of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, where teachers of various religious communities receive the necessary preparation for their secondary school work in accordance with the prescribed standard of higher education in England. Mother St. Raphael

describes the work of the Institute and incidentally the normal activity of the establishment. "Our Catholic Interest in Secondary Education" is a teacher's plea for unity and mutual coöperation among religious women devoted to the higher education. A Benedictine, Sister Mary Aquinas, writes briefly but thoughtfully and with a masculine force upon pedagogical thoroughness, under the title "Education, Extensive and Intensive." There are two papers devoted to woman's education in foreign countries: "Christian Feminism in France," by Marie Maugeret, and "Secondary Education of Girls in Germany," by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B. Father Strappini, S.J., who on a former occasion introduced Miss Fletcher to the reading public, has "Some Thoughts on the Inculcation of Truth." Emily Hickey is accorded the privilege of some verses, "In Hoc Signo," which gives characteristic flavor to this excellent initial number of *The Crucible*. We hope to make our readers more intimately acquainted in course of time with the excellences of this young quarterly, to which we extend cordial felicitations of success.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY? By Robert Hugh Benson. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905.

The name of Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and last year ordained a Catholic priest in Rome, is assurance of entertainment and edifying instruction, in choicest English, to all who have read the beautiful mystic tales of his *Light Invisible*. The present book fulfils the promise. *By What Authority?* is an historical novel depicting the troublous times of England in Elizabeth's reign, with all the charm of the author's easy style, set off by the quaint expressions of the day.

In clearest manner and choicest words the complex situation of England in those days, when their faith was being stolen from the English people, is set forth by the author. The claims of the Protestants and the position of the Catholics are presented with historical accuracy that is made most vivid by the conversation and daily life of the personages whose characters are portrayed in the story. Every page repeats to the reader the question of the title. *By what authority*, indeed, was a people robbed of the faith of their fathers? *By what authority* were the Catholic churches, sanctified by the worship of centuries, destroyed or despoiled and desecrated? *By what authority* were priests hunted like wolves, and the faithful among the laity forced to pay fines for practising their religion, and racked and tortured for harboring the priests of their inheritance?

By masterful touches the author emphasizes his question in a series of contrasting pictures. Anthony and Isabel Norris in London form part of a great crowd gathered to see Queen Elizabeth pass down Cheapside:

"It was yet some time before she was expected; but there came a sudden stir from the upper end of Cheapside, and then a burst of cheering and laughter and hoots. Anthony leaned out to see what was coming, but could make out nothing beyond the head of a horse, and a man driving it from the seat of a cart, coming slowly down the centre of the road. The laughter and noise grew louder as the crowd swayed this way and that to make room. Presently it was seen that behind the cart a little space was kept, and Anthony made out the grey head of a man at the tail of the cart, and the face of another a little way behind; then at last, as the cart jolted past, the two children saw a man stripped to the waist, his hands tied before him to the cart, his back one red wound; while a hangman walked behind whirling his thonged whip about his head and bringing it down now and again on the old man's back. At each lash the prisoner shrank away, and turned his piteous face, drawn with pain, from side to side, while the crowd yelled and laughed. . . . Then suddenly far away came the sound of trumpets, and gusts of distant cheering, like the sound of the wind in thick foliage. . . . Masses of color now began to emerge with the glitter of steel round the bend of the street, where the winter sunshine fell. A brilliant procession of the City's Aldermen, the Gentlemen pensioners, the men-at-arms, the knights, and lords and ladies of the court in magnificent array, and finally came the great gilt open carriage that swayed and jolted over the cobbles. She was here; she was here; and the loyal crowd yelled and surged to and fro, and cloths and handkerchiefs flapped and waved, and caps tossed up and down, as at last the great creaking carriage came under the window. This is what they saw in it: A figure of extraordinary dignity, sitting upright and stiff like a pagan idol, dressed in a magnificently fantastic purple robe, with a great double ruff, like a huge collar, behind her head; a long taper waist, voluminous skirts spread all over the cushions, embroidered with curious figures and creatures. Over her shoulders, but opened in front so as to show the ropes of pearls and the blaze of jewels on the stomacher, was a purple velvet mantle lined with ermine, with pearls sewn into it here and there. Set far back on her head, over a pile of reddish yellow hair drawn tightly back from her forehead, was a hat with curled brims, elaborately embroidered, with the jeweled outline of a little crown in front, and a high feather topping all. . . . Henry would not have been ashamed for this daughter of his. What wonder then that these crowds were delirious with love, loyalty and an exultant fear, as this overwhelming personality went by; this pale-faced tranquil virgin Queen, passionate, wanton, outspoken and absolutely fearless; with a sufficient reserve of will to be fickle without weakness and sufficient grasp of her aims to be indifferent to her policy; untouched by vital religion; financially shrewd; inordinately vain. This strange dominant creature, royal by character as by birth, as strong as her father and as wanton as her mother, sat in ermine velvet and pearls in a royal carriage, with shrewd-faced wits and bright-eyed lovers, and solemn statesmen, and great nobles, vacuous and gallant, glittering and jingling before her."

The lovable old Baronet, Sir Nicholas Maxwell, rejoicing in the sufferings his staunch faith brought him; the clear-headed Buxton, in

constant controversy for the faith,—both confessors, cheerfully paying their fines and languishing in prison for sheltering priests in the secret passages of their houses ; the workings of God's grace in the conversion of Anthony and Isabel, the one by argument and reason, the other by the sweet influence of the old nun, Margaret, driven from her convent by the laws, but living her convent rule in the home of her sister ; the heart-breaking defection of Hubert Maxwell, "the first Protestant of his name" ; and the sterling faith of Mary Corbett, a Catholic, and lady-in-waiting at Elizabeth's court, who comes to the quiet Great Keynes radiant "in elaborate ruff and wings of lace and muslin, and shiny peacock gown," bringing the latest gossip of the court and relating in airy manner and with many turns and graces the doings of the great folk, to the secret delight of the two old ladies and the amazement of the unsophisticated Anthony and Isabel, children of the rigid Puritan Henry Norris,—are graphic pictures.

On one day of her visit Mary Corbett, with Anthony and Isabel, goes to the village church, now held by the Protestants. Mr. Dent, the Rector, meets them in cassock and gown and square cap.

"As the Rector was unlocking the porch door, Mary surveyed him with a pleased smile. 'Why you look quite like a priest,' she said. 'Do your bishops, or whatever you call them, allow that dress? I thought you had done away with it all.' Mr. Dent looked at her, but seeing nothing but geniality and interest in her face, explained elaborately in the porch that he was a Catholic priest, practically ; though the word minister was more commonly used ; and that it was the old Church still, only cleansed from superstition. Mary shook her head at him cheerfully, smiling like a happy puzzled child. 'It's all too difficult for me,' she said. 'It cannot be the same church, or why should we poor Catholics be so much abused and persecuted? Besides, what of the Pope?' Mr. Dent explained that the Pope was one of the superstitions in question.

"Ah! You are too sharp for me,' said Mary, beaming at him.

"Then they entered the church ; and Mary began immediately on a running comment :

"How sad that little niche looks,' she said. 'I suppose Our Lady is in pieces somewhere on a dunghill. Surely Father—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dent—it cannot be the same religion if you have knocked Our Lady to pieces. But then I suppose that you would say that she was a superstition, too. And where is the old altar? Is that broken, too? And is that a superstition, too? What a number there must have been! And the Holy Water, too, I see. But that looks a very nice table up there you have instead. Ah! I see you read the new prayers from a new desk outside the screen, and not from the priest's stall. Was that a superstition? And the mass vestments,—has your wife had any of them made up to be useful? The stoles are no good, I fear ; but you could make charming stomachers out of the chasubles. Ah!' she cried suddenly, and her voice rang with pain, 'there is the altar stone.' And she went down on her knees at the chancel entrance, bending

down, it seemed, in an agony of devout sorrow and shame ; and kissed with a gentle, lingering reverence the great slab with its five crosses, set in the ground at the destruction of the altar to show that there was no sanctity attached to it. When she rose from her knees her eyes seemed bright with tears and her voice was tender. 'Forgive me, Mr. Dent,' she said with a kind of pathetic dignity, putting out her slender be ringed hand to him, 'but—you know—for I think perhaps you have some sympathy for us poor Catholics—you know what all this means to me.' When they reached the west entrance she turned and looked up the aisle again. 'And the Rood !' she said. 'Even Christ crucified is gone. Then in God's Name what is left ?' And her eyes turned fiercely for a moment on the Rector."

The part of the book many a Catholic reader will peruse with quickened heart-beats and dimmed eyes is the graphic account of the relentless priest-hunters, with tireless cunning running down their quarry, and with savage rage dismantling the house in search of the secret passages. The tranquil heroism of the saintly Edmund Campion, his body broken by the rack but his mind keen and alert, defending in public discussion the doctrines of the true Church against the smug doctors of the new faith ; his magnificent address at the trial when he and his companions were condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered :—

" 'Campion and the rest,' said Chief Justice Wray, 'what can you say why you should not die?' Then Campion, still steady and resolute, made his last useless appeal :

" 'It is not our death that ever we feared. But we knew that we were not lords of our own lives, and therefore for want of answer would not be guilty of our own deaths. The only thing that we have now to say is, that if our religion do make us traitors, we are worthy to be condemned ; but otherwise are and have been true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all our ancestors, all the ancient priests, bishops and kings—all that was once the glory of England, the island of saints and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught, however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason, that they did not uniformly teach ? To be condemned with these old lights—not of England only, but of all the world—by their degenerate descendants, is both glory and gladness to us. God lives ; posterity will live ; their judgment is not so liable to corruption as that of those who are now about to sentence us to death.' "

Then comes the sublime martyrdom of the Jesuits at Tyburn, calm and tranquil in sight of the cruellest of deaths, and amid the badgering of the ministers.

Father Benson's book is to be read by Catholics in heartiest gratitude for the jewel of faith. To those who know little of the beginnings of English Protestantism it is a fund of trustworthy information. The history and the exposition of Catholic doctrine woven by

the author into this exquisite story of absorbing interest give eloquent answer to his question : *By What Authority ?*

J. L. J. K.

UN DIVORCE. Par Paul Bourget, de l'Académie Française. Paris : Librairie Plon, 8 rue Garancière.

It is a far cry from *Cosmopolis* with its many characters and incidents to *Un Divorce* with its few characters and incidents. But the former work is eclipsed by the interest that is aroused and sustained by the latter. *Cosmopolis* may be compared to a kaleidoscope, *Un Divorce* to an electric searchlight. There are only six characters whose actions materially affect a story which for the rest deals with what has of late years become a most serious menace to the family and to the State. Nowhere is this menace so terrible, so actual, as in the United States. France may authorize divorce, and many French men and women may avail themselves of it, but the tradition of centuries that regards a *divorcée* who has "married" again as in the category of a woman who shares a man's room without sharing his name, acts as a powerful deterrent to the "marriages" of divorced persons. In the United States however there is no tradition, and consequently in the United States the "marriage" of divorced persons is rapidly becoming a matter of as little wonder as the marriage of widows. In France, society even to-day ostracizes the married *divorcée*, while in the United States society is well nigh dominated by the frail creatures. Hence the parable contained in M. Bourget's volume is far more applicable to this country than it is to M. Bourget's own land.

Un Divorce is the story of a divorced woman whose separation from her husband is justified by his dissolute conduct. She "marries" again. The second "husband" is an avowed freethinker with an intense hatred against the Church. He professes the opinion that the supernatural is equivalent to the non-existent. Apart from this he is a man of strict honor, gentle, considerate, unselfish ; he is, in addition, a man of superior intellect. At the time of her second "marriage" the woman had a son, twelve years of age, who, by decree of the court granting the divorce, is in the custody of his mother. By her second "husband" the woman has a daughter about a year after her "marriage." The family are happy and prosperous, and all goes smoothly until the daughter has attained her twelfth year, when, in submission to the Catholic tradition, the child is being prepared for her First Communion. Then the mother begins to feel qualms of conscience about her own state of life. At this point

the heart of the story is reached. The struggle between conscience and affection is admirably portrayed, and the moral which the author teaches is one that cannot fail of its purpose. But this is not the place to tell the story which we should be inclined to reproduce from M. Bourget's book verbatim. We must leave the interested reader to seek for himself a treat both intellectual and moral to be found in the reading of *Un Divorce*.

W. R. C.

GLENANAAR, A STORY OF IRISH LIFE. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D., Doneraile. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. (Dolphin Press.)

In this same issue of THE DOLPHIN we publish the last chapter of Father Sheehan's story, *Glenanaar*, and simultaneously the whole appears in book form. The fact that the novel comes from the pen of the author of *My New Curate* might be a sufficient guarantee of excellence, for the story deals altogether with a subject in the handling of which our author has, as is universally conceded, shown marked superiority over former Irish writers even of the modern classic period. As there have been critics of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, so there will perhaps be also critics of *Glenanaar*. But the instances in which Canon Sheehan's former works were underestimated by those who found a way for their critique into some popular magazine or paper, bore with them the credentials of a bias which is apt to discredit itself in other ways quite as markedly.

Since our readers, either of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW or of THE DOLPHIN (its sister magazine for the laity interested in really good literature), were the first in every instance to have the benefit of Father Sheehan's publications placed before them, we need hardly do more than commend this story in its present form. Like *My New Curate*, *Luke Delmege*, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, all of which we published at first-hand, *Glenanaar* has a distinctly literary value quite apart from the intensely interesting pictures of domestic and national life which its descriptions of Irish scenes afford. Its historical background, its splendid delineation of such actual characters as Daniel O'Connell, in the midst of his people, and not simply as the stereotyped hero of the aspirations of Irish independence, give to this book an interest much superior to the exquisite romances of William Carleton or others of equal power. There is also interwoven with the passionate sincerity of an Irish maiden and her lover's manly simplicity, the sentiment of a mingled patriotism. The central figure is

a youth who with all the noble instincts of his native heath takes on, during a sojourn of many years in America, a coating of that Yankee sense which somehow does not well amalgamate with Celtic temperament and Irish manners. But the feature is novel and adds attraction to the situation, if only by the contrast which serves at the same time to create a convenient motive for what constitutes the most powerful action in the dramatic composition of the whole. There are other characters with which one falls in love at very first sight. Charles Dickens never drew a portrait of a child more sweetly true than Father Sheehan's little Nodlag.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

At the Sign of the Fox: "Barbara." *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The heroine, a millionaire's daughter, refuses to be discouraged when financial ruin and a stroke of paralysis come to her father almost simultaneously, and her efforts to take his place as family provider lead to trains of events revealing the existence of unsuspected funds, bringing her success in a beloved art; health to her father, and good husbands to her and to her bosom friend.

Belchamber: Howard Overing Sturgis. *Putnam.* \$1.50.

The original feature of this story is that a wronged husband silently accepts his wife's child as his heir to avoid the inheritance of his estate by his nephews, the children of an actress of bad character. This connivance is his first and only serious wrong-doing in a life of oppression at the hands of nearly all the characters, good and bad, and he fails even in this, for the child dies. The

nature of the chief incident makes the book unfit for youthful readers, although it is well-written and skilfully planned.

Beyond Chance of Change: Sara Andrew Shafer. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The chief interest in this story of Southern plantation life lies in the mishaps and occasional misdeeds of a group of children whose elders are so wise and judicious that the chronicle may be read by the young, although the small heroines, following the guidance of their favorite authors, often make serious trouble. The spirit of the book is charming, and but for the Calvinistic turn of a few phrases would be unexceptionable.

Book of Valentines: Bliss Carman. *Page.* \$1.00.

This new volume of the "Pipes of Pan" series contains some of its author's best work, and includes some excellent studies in imitating Greek poetry. Many of the pieces are addressed directly to a beloved object, but more are descriptive and narrative. The form is good and the author permits himself no eccentricities.

Egomet: Ego. *Lane.* \$1.50.

Musings on books and art jotted down from day to day make up the form of this volume which is agreeably written and suggests novel points of view for literary criticism.

Ethics of Imperialism: Albert R. Carman. *Turner.* \$1.00.

A cleverly conducted inquiry as to the alleged incongruity of

Christian ethics with the policy called Imperialism. It is written with small regard for those who, having invented a system of morals, insist that all civilized nations must conform to it on pain of being called both barbarous and unchristian.

Foolish Finance: Gideon Wurdz. *Luce.* \$0.75.

A series of brief papers written in a mixture of good English with capital letters ludicrously disposed, and the very newest slang of the day; it defines and explains the many financial enterprises, especially with a view to enlightening the classes generally victimized by the dishonest. Its correctness is admitted by financiers of the greatest notoriety, and it is intelligible to readers unfamiliar with business.

Hecla Sandwith: Edward Uffington Valentine. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

The daughter of a Quaker ironmaster, living only to please her father, after his death marries a man whom she does not love, and makes him unhappy by her demands that he shall live only to carry out her plans for preserving her father's fortune and business, and also by her frankly expressed indifference to him. Humility and happiness come to her only after severe trials. Quaker enthusiasts and Quaker worldlings are excellently contrasted in the behavior of some of the minor personages.

How Christmas Came to the Mulvanays: Frances V. Fox. *Page.* \$0.50.

The tender charity shown by a very poor and ignorant

family toward two little children, better instructed but equally poor, leads to a shower of Christmas gifts and the promise of better days. The extravagance of the tale must be apparent to the youngest reader, but the author avoids both sentimentality and irreverence. [Six to ten years.]

In the Brooding Wild: Ridgewell Cullum. *Page.* \$1.50.

Two brothers living in the polar gold region discover a deposit of the precious metal and become the victims of a trader who leads them into a fatal quarrel by sending a beautiful half-breed woman to ask for their hospitality. Practically all the characters are savages and the author has perfectly succeeded in giving the story an atmosphere of ferocity mitigated only by the necessity of fighting the cold and the storm. It is too well done to be pleasant light reading.

John Henry Smith: Frederick Upham Adams. *Doubleday.* \$1.50.

An assiduous golf player who declares that no woman can play, falls in love with a millionaire's daughter who frequents his club and wins her and also the good will of her father whom he outwits in a business matter. It is a pleasant story marred here and there by such defects as giving *Jacques Henri* as a translation of John Henry.

Little Hills: Nancy Huston Banks. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

A pleasantly humorous tale of a good young widow who

conscientiously performed a disagreeable duty, in spite of the remonstrances of meddling but loving friends.

Maid of Japan: Mrs. Hugh Fraser. *Holt.* \$1.25.

The maid is the legitimate daughter of a Japanese woman and a Scotchman who deserts her and her child; seventeen years later his nephew and heir, knowing nothing of the story, comes to Japan and honorably woos his cousin. It is a pure and pretty story, made amusing by the speeches of a Japanese educated in the United States, and speaking the author's conception of "American," *i.e.*, a compound of the "Daown East" dialect of 1800 and the speech of the New York newsboy.

Mellville Case: George Dyre Elbridge. *Holt.* \$1.50.

An apparently inoffensive country lawyer is mysteriously murdered in his office at night, and the attempts to find the criminal lead to the discovery of great wrong-doing, conducted by a group of desperate capitalists.

Prize for the Hardy: Alice Winter. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

A Western millionaire's penniless young kinsman going to him for work, is given various difficult tasks, all of which he performs faithfully and energetically and wins both love and fortune. A forest fire is admirably pictured in the latter part of the book; the heroine is brave and womanly, and the hero has an excellent foil in a cowardly and conceited client of the rich man.

Rival Campers: Ruel Smith.

Page. \$1.50.

Two companies of boys make their camps in a position giving them nearly equal opportunities for adventures by land and water, and the author takes them through a series of hair-breadth escapes, and ends by converting their rivalry into friendship, meantime giving instruction in the ways of forest life. The style is careless, but the spirit of the book is manly. [Ten to twelve.]

Storm Centre: "Charles Egbert Craddock." *Macmillan*.

\$1.50.

This story begins very well with the tale of a Union officer who, while sheltered and nursed by a Confederate family, feels that his honor compels him to report that they concealed a horse which might be valuable to the Federals. This very rigid theory of honor serves to aid in his exculpation when he is suspected of aiding his host's son, a Confederate officer, to escape. The closing chapters are hopelessly confused.

Storm of London: F. Dickberry.

Turner. \$1.50.

The author describes the events following a night during which every vestige of clothing, and everything of which clothing could possibly be made, suddenly disappear, leaving each man to place himself in the new world, entirely by his actual merits. The author evades the obvious difficulties in presenting such a situation, displays no little humor and imaginative power and satirizes John Bull mercilessly, ending by showing the whole book to be a vision

of disease. The opening chapter describing the revels of actual fashionable London, is exaggerated in its portrayal of evil, and some of the conversations and arguments might be mischievous to readers too careless to remember after closing the book that they were visionary.

Theodore and Theodora: Marion

W. Wildman. *Page.* \$0.60.

The twins whose names give the title to the story go to visit a family of frolicsome but obedient and kindly children and are turned from their mischievous ways after playing many naughty pranks. [Six to ten years.]

Two Moods of a Man: Horace

G. Hutchinson. *Putnam*.

\$1.50.

The old theme of the man who marries a gypsy, by gypsy rites, and easily persuades himself to leave her when he loves one of his own race, here receives novel treatment by being used to exhibit the man's ruling passion for analysis both of emotion and of action. It is very well done, and a point of casuistry as to the disposition of a will known to have survived its maker's approval, is treated in an uncommon way.

Venus of Cadiz: Richard Fissguill. *Holt.* \$1.50.

A Kentuckian beauty opens a correspondence with a New York æsthetic novelist, who chivalrously makes over her letter to an ugly but honest, manly fellow to answer, the result being love before first sight. Chance brings the two together and with them meet the novelist, a foolish but honest girl with whom he has

flirted, and a melodramatic Italian with a stiletto, and with the aid of a company of moonshiners absurd proceedings follow, and are described spasmodically and rhapsodically. The author attempts to produce Mr. James Lane Allen's effects with no equipment but exclamation points.

Walking Delegate: Leroy Scott.
Doubleday. \$1.50.

The hero, an honest member of a labor union, pits himself

against a dishonest walking delegate in league with an intriguing employer, and ends in out-man-œuvring both. He is aided by a rough but upright employer, and his secretary, a girl of good family, who, supposing the hero to be unmarried, falls in love with him; he never having met an educated woman before does not understand his intense interest in her until he too is enamored. They immediately resolve to see one another no more.

Literary Chat.

The spelling reform movement is gaining ground. Such leading writers as George Cable, Hamlin Garland, William Dean Howells, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Richard Watson Gilder, and others of equal prominence, have signified their intention of adopting for their publications the following amended orthography: *program, catalog, decalog, prolog, pedagog, demagog, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout.*

Dom Hamilton's recently published volume, *The Angel of Syon* (Sands & Co.), being the history of the life and martyrdom of Blessed Richard Reynolds, a Bridgettine monk who was one of the victims martyred at Tyburn in 1535, contains a short account of the Order of St. Saviour, founded by St. Bridget of Sweden, and established in England by Henry V. It recalls a condition of religious life in Sweden which there is hope of being revived in our own day, although under very different circumstances, since the activity of Catholic religious communities is again tolerated in that land of bitter prejudices against the Catholic Church.

In England the Order flourished from 1415 until Henry VIII, and was revived for a brief period by Queen Mary, to be again suppressed by Elizabeth. "This most religious and reverend monastery of Sion," says Father Robert Parsons, in his account republished from a MS. of about 1595, preserved in the old abbey of Chudleigh, "being thus founded, it began to flourish and increase with so great fame of piety and religion, and gave such a sweet odor of virtue, that in a short time it gained great esteem and reputation." Father Richard Reynolds was confessor to the said nuns, and when he had died for the faith they expected continually either martyrdom or exile. But in the meantime there came to them daily new applicants and a number of young maidens, "the principal men's daughters in England, who sought to receive the habit and make profession of the rule of St. Saviour, commonly called St. Bridget's Order."

Burns & Oates publish in a neat volume *Plain Chant and Solesmes*, a very interesting (illustrated) account of the work of Solesmes in the restoration of Plain Chant. It is an exposition by two members of the Papal Commission, Dom André Mocquereau and Dom Paul Cagin, and appeared originally in the Roman organ *Rassegna Gregoriana*. For students of the new music the volume will prove a welcome introduction not only to the story of the historical development of the Benedictine activity but also to the method and critical evolution of the Solesmes introduction.

Archbishop Bagshawe's admirably concise *Notes on Christian Doctrine* have been issued in second edition. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

Daughters of the Faith is the title of a volume (Knickerbocker Press, N. Y.) by Eliza O'B. Lummis, containing a number of essays suggestive of serious thoughts for women. It is at the same time a manual of instruction for the members of the society of "Daughters of the Faith" established in New York as an organized agency for the moral uplifting of womanhood by the association of true womanly dignity in the social circle. One of its chief aims is to discountenance divorce, to lessen by its steady influence the open disregard of religious practice, and to rouse the individual from an apathy in regard to the demands of the spiritual life which has infected Catholic society. The Sovereign Pontiff has given his approbation to these aims and the association bids fair to extend its influence abroad.

Among the recent issues of *Studies in History, Economics and Public Law*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, is an examination of the reasons which led to the decay of the "English Craft Guilds" by Stella Kramer, M.A. The author therein controverts the hitherto accepted theory expounded by Professors Edward P. Cheyney, Ashley, and Hibbert, which attributes the weakening of the influence formerly exerted by the mediæval craft guilds to the interference of the national government by which the guilds were deprived of their administrative, legislative, and jurisdictional freedom. The discussion shows a complete mastery of the subject, and is of decided interest especially to students of municipal economy.

Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. (*Tablet*, London), in a brief study of the late Lord Acton's attitude as an historian with regard to certain mooted questions in which ecclesiastical authority is concerned, shows that the learned projector of the *Cambridge Modern History*, was by no means so sure of judgment as he was widely read. From the testimony of the various writers of the essays in the *Cambridge History* it is very plain that his mind, as he has expressed it upon such topics as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the plot against Elizabeth, known as the Ridolfi conspiracy, and the concern of Cardinal Wolsey in the divorce of Henry VIII, was distinctly warped by a tendency to criticise the representatives of the Catholic Church. The writers he had selected for the *Cambridge* volumes are not entirely free from bias on such subjects, but they do not endorse Lord Acton's assured preferences as he probably had expected them to do.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

IN THE MATTER OF REMARRIAGE AFTER DIVORCE. Bishop Doane vs. the Catholic Church. The Bishop's Argument Explained. By John T. Creagh. Boston: John T. Creagh. 1905. Pp. 53.

L'ÉVANGÉLIAIRE DES DIMANCHES, commenté et illustré de 130 gravures par l'abbé C. Broussolle, premier aumônier du Lycée Michelet, à Paris. Paris, 22, rue Cassette: P. Lethielleux. 1905. Pp. xvi—418. Prix, 4 francs.

CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SOCIAL LIFE. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., Westminster: Art and Book Company. 1905. Pp. 249.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. An Exposition by Archbishop Ullathorne, O.S.B. Revised by Canon Iles, D.D. With a Prefatory Letter by the Bishop of Birmingham. Westminster: Art and Book Company. 1905. Pp. 224.

DAUGHTERS OF THE FAITH. Serious Thoughts for Catholic Women (Manual). By Eliza O'B. Lummis. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. 1905. Pp. xxxiii—159.

PASTORAL LETTER ON THE TEACHING OF THE CATECHISM. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fall River, Mass. Pp. 7.

TALKS WITH PARENTS. By the Rev. D. V. Phalen, Halifax, N.S.: McAlpine Publishing Co., Ltd. 1905. Pp. 78.

ALLEL. A Pentecostal Sequence from *Wreaths of Song through a Course of Divinity*. By the Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L., All Hallows' College. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 24.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN. Translated from the German of the Rev. Matthias von Bremscheid, O.M.Cap., by the Members of the Young Ladies' Sodality, Holy Trinity Church, Boston. With additional Prayers. With Preface by the Right Rev. William Stang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River, Mass. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. 1905. Pp. 118. Price, \$0.50.

LITURGICAL.

PLAIN CHANT AND SOLESMES. By Dom Paul Cagin, O.S.B., Librarian of Solesmes, and Dom André Mocquereau, O.S.B., Prior of Solesmes. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 70. Price, \$0.45, net.

COMPENDIUM SACRAE LITURGIAE JUXTA RITUUM ROMANUM. Una cum Appendice de jure ecclesiastico particulari in America Foederata Sept. Vigente. Scripsit P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.F.M., S. Theol. Lector, olim Rector Sem. Salesiani et S. Litur. Professor. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. xvi—601—9.

PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA. Ausgewählte vierstimmige Messen (1 Band) in moderner Partitur (Zweiliniertstimmig mit Vortragszeichen) redigiert von Hermann Bäuerle, Fürstlich Thurn- und Taxisschem Hofgeistlichen in Regensburg, Priester der Diözese Rottenburg. Kritisch-korrekte, dabei modernisierte Ausgabe. Heft 1—10. Leipzig, Brussels, London, New York: Breitkopf & Härtel. 1905.

VAN BREE'S SECOND MASS. Originally written for three men's voices. Abridged, revised and arranged for four mixed voices, in accordance with the Decrees of the S.C.R., by R. R. Terry, Musical Director, Westminster Cathedral. This arrangement is approved by the Westminster Diocesan Commission on Church Music. Cary Edition No. 815. London: Cary & Co.; New York: J. Fischer & Bro. 1905. Pp. 43. Price, 1s. 6d.

MASS OF THE HOLY ROSARY No. 2 in C. For four voices, with organ accompaniment. By Alphonse Cary. This arrangement is approved by the Westminster Diocesan Commission on Church Music. Cary Edition No. 817. London: Cary & Co.; New York: J. Fischer and Brother. 1905. Pp. 27. Price, 1s. 6d.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE MASS. Arranged conformably to the Rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. The Ceremonies of Low Mass, by the Rev. William McGarvey, D.D., Rector of St. Elizabeth's (Anglican) Church, Philadelphia. The Ceremonies of High Mass, by the Rev. Charles P. A. Burnett, D.D., Curate of St. Ignatius' (Anglican) Church, New York. New York, London, Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Company. 1905. Pp. lxxvi—157; vi—214. Price, \$2.00 net (\$2.14 by mail).

PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE ETHICS OF FORCE. By H. E. Warner. Published for the International Union. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1905. Pp. vi—126.

LES FONDEMENTS DE LA CONNAISSANCE ET DE LA CROYANCE. Examen Critique du Neo-Kantisme. Par P. Vallet, professeur au Grand Seminaire de Clermont. Paris, 10, rue Cassette: P. Lethielleux. 1905. Pp. xii—436. Prix, 3 francs 50.

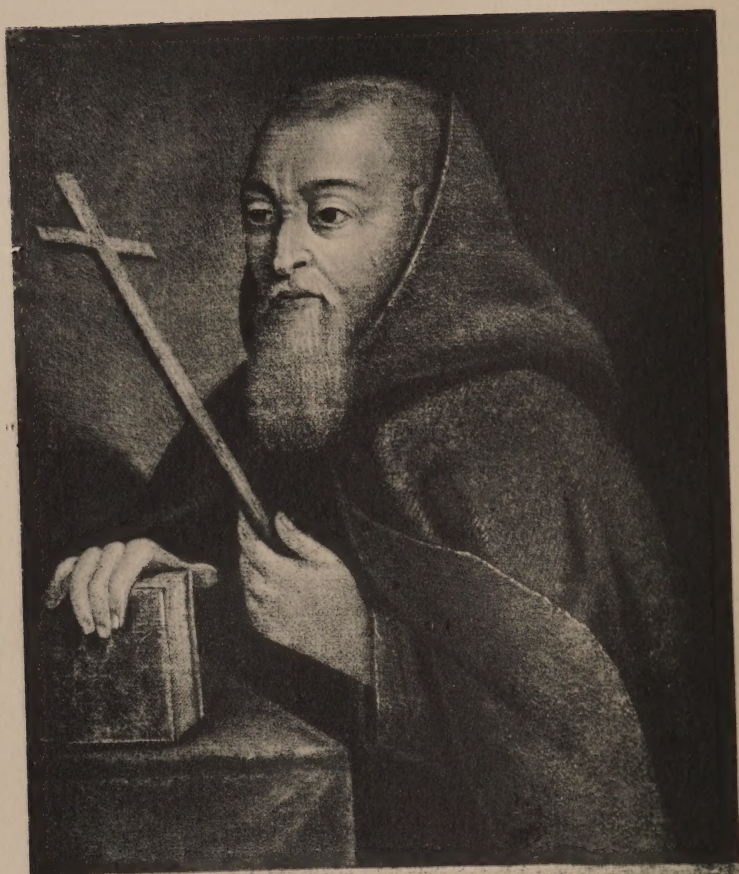
BRIEFS ON PUBLIC QUESTIONS. With Selected Lists of References. By Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, A.B., LL.B., Member of the New York Bar, formerly Lecturer in Public Speaking in the Columbia University, etc. New York, London, Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1905. Pp. x—229. Price, \$1.20 net; (\$1.30 by mail).

TRADE UNIONS AND THE LAW IN NEW YORK. A Study of Some Legal Phases of Labor Organizations. By George Gorham Groat, Ph.D. *Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King & Son. 1905. Pp. 134.

MISTAKE IN CONTRACT. A Study in Comparative Jurisprudence. By Edwin C. McKeag, LL.B., Ph.D. *Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King & Son. 1905. Pp. 132.

THE ENGLISH CRAFT GUILDS AND THE GOVERNMENT. An Examination of the Accepted Theory Regarding the Decay of the Craft Guilds. By Stella Kramer, M.A. *Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*. Vol. XXIII. No. 4. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King & Son. 1905. Pp. 152.

THE ECONOMICS OF LAND TENURE IN GEORGIA. By Enoch Marvin Banks, Ph.D., sometime University Fellow in Economics. *Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*. Vol. XXIII. No. 1. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King & Son. 1905. Pp. 142.



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